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MY WORDS
A Bristly Pine Book

MY WORDS

BY

Dr. L. PAUL HYATT

Poetry written 1986 - 1987

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FOREWORD

This Book of Words

1

This is a book of many words
Written so long ago
They may be good for you to read
When you've had years to grow

2

Some of these words are just for fun
And some are good for more
And some of the whole big book may
Just mostly be a bore

3

Our world is good in most of ways
A challenge to us all
Your childhood years are best of times
Plan now for spring birds' call

MAMA

1

My Mama was a country woman
A lady fine as a queen
She made life better for those she knew
Her record was good and clean

2

Her family came first in her life
For them she strove and worked
She played no favorites, loved them all
From their needs she never shirked

3

Mama loved her seven children well
They must come first in her care
When they had problems and needed help
Mama was always right there

4

She loved her grandchildren one and all
She tried to help them adjust
They were very happy with Grandma
Their needs for her were a must

5

At infant child care Mama excelled
Just her touch was like a charm
She could restore calm to the distraught
Even when colic the harm

6

Her nurse care all ages big and small
Most always could heal the sick
Her cool hand upon the fevered brow
Made any feel better quick

7

Keeping clean clothes for the family
Was a big and steady chore
Mama washed clothes all kinds of weather
Each day there was always more

8

Then after the wash there was mending
Then ironing next would come
In big families these jobs were great
Each week she'd barely get done

9

The milking and churning must be right
Mama had to do those too
She worked on them till all were complete
Until the long day was through

10

In season the big garden was there
To grow lots of wholesome food
Mama planted, chopped and dug and hoed
Her garden always looked good

11

Preserving the food was one big deal
The canning, drying and such
It's a job for the whole summer long
No other way to save much

12

As a cook no one could exceed her
In sewing she had no par
The stove and sewing machine her pals
She deserved a golden star

13

Neighbors and friends were also her care
Her visits for work and fun
Sickness or well, whatever their needs
Mama was there on the run

14

Mama liked to attend her church
She loved the WORD and the song
The summer revivals were her choice
For her no sermon too long

15

Mama took care of her livestock
Her chickens and cats and dogs
She made sure they were all fed and warm
She called up and fed the hogs

16

Mama could do most any farm chore
Like chop wood and catch a mule
She could hitch a horse to a buggy
In rain get the kids at school

17

Hog-killing time was the biggest job
It came each fall of the year
On that Mama worked hardest of all
Long days till midnight was near

18

My Mama always liked good music
To listen to and to play
Harmonica, fiddle and organ
Were her choices any day

19

In later years in the afternoons
With less housework in her style
She loved the "soaps" on the radio
Ma Perkins was on her dial

20

Mama lived some past three score and ten
Then time came for her to go
Her memory lives in those she loved
With all of us here below

MY PAPA

1

My Papa was a real good man
Sober, gentle, plain, strong and quiet
A better man could ne'er be found
His life he lived just and right

2

Papa was a practical man
No fancy theories in his way
He faced each task with open mind
To do his best, that job, that day

3

Papa was a real dirt farmer
Most all his life past ninety-two
Cotton, corn, livestock were his crops
His long, hard work just never through

4

The farm chores he liked best of all
Was care of livestock: mules, cows, hogs
He liked to see them thrive and grow
Also chickens and cats and dogs

5

He often kept nine head of mules
Papa groomed them often and right
He sheared their manes and tails just so
He combed and brushed their coats till bright

6

In the season of late summer
When most farm work was sort of slack
Mule-trading days were often held
Papa liked those meets for a fact

7

His work skills were many and good
He rebuilt wagons, tools and plows
He could build good houses and barns
Build fences for mules, hogs and cows

8

My Papa kept his work tools sharp
His saw, axe, shovel, knife and hoes
Wagons, plows, chains, harness all fixed
Right for good work, ready to go

9

My Papa was a family man
He loved his seven children well
Grandchildren, too, his pride and joy
Their antics, too, he loved to tell

10

Papa was plain in appearance
Had no royal features to name
His steel-blue eyes, silver-gray hair
Full gray mustache gave him some fame

11

He was not much tall but was stout
Built more like an oak tree you see
He was broad and strong and sturdy
Like a real hard worker must be

12

His hands were rough and gnarled and cracked
He had some scars from hard life years
Head scarred from a fall from a tree
A frostbite left him scarred up ears

MA, MY GRANDMA

1

Grandparents and their grandchildren
May get along just fine
Often have a lot in common
Patience, plenty of time

2

Our grandma, we just called her "Ma"
That was her choice you see
It was easy for kids to learn
Life simple as could be

3

I used to go to Grandma's house
When I was just a tot
She lived just up the road a way
I was up there a lot

4

My grandma had just four children
All girls, her pride and joys
They married and had lots of young
Grandchildren, girls and boys

5

Ma often fed me big cookies
Tea cakes made with honey
She told me lots of good stories
The endings were funny

6

She taught me games and old folk songs
"Hull Gull Handful", which one?
"Frog Went Courting", "Old Dan Tucker"
We had a lot of fun

7

Ma loved her many animals
Pets and stock on the farm
"Rhody" the mule, "Bossy" the cow
She fed and kept them warm

8

Old Frank, her big red shepherd dog
And Joe the big gray cat
Frank did his work in woods and fields
Old Joe was rough on rats

9

Ma often liked to go to church
When time and health allowed
She liked the singing and the prayer
As she sat with her head bowed

10

There, too, at church she met her friends
I know that pleased her too
The happy talk and joyful news
About good things a do

11

To visit her old friends and kin
Was one of her pleasures
She was always ready to go
Her friends were her treasures

12

Ma had no use for long debate
About liquor, strong drink
Her childhood years had felt the pain
Sots gone over the brink

13

A big debate of my Ma's years
Was women's voting rights
After the law gave her the vote
She'd vote ignoring fights

14

The year was nineteen twenty-five
Ma made a great big move
She bought a T-Model Ford car
Her still life to improve

15

The old Ford served her very well
For eleven years' time
Then she bought a new Chevrolet
Just about the best kind

16

She paid for both of those new cars
With quarters, dimes, nickels
Money she'd saved for many years
Selling: eggs, beans, pickles

17

Ma was as pretty as a queen
Pearly skin, coal-black hair
As age and time caught up with her
Some gray tresses up there

18

Ma had a lot of aches and pains
To plague her later years
Home remedies gave some relief
Less pain also less fears

19

Ma's greatest sorrow came to her
When Grandpa, "Poppie" died
They had been wed nigh sixty years
Ma felt alone and cried

20

She struggled on as best she could
For about four years more
Her fragile health began to fail
She was tired to the core

21

She was there in her rocking chair
She passed on as she rocked
She went with ease to her last rest
Her kin and friends were shocked

22

A life can never be defined
In big words nor in song
My Ma was such a goodly soul
Her spirit will live long

POPPIE HENRY, MY GRANDPA

1
Grandpas and grandsons often have
A bond, a special kind
It ties the three generations
Into a living line

2
The first happy years of my youth
I had a neighbor dear
He was my Grandpa, Poppie Henry
I'd question, he would hear

3
In early years I first recall
I sat upon his knee
He taught me all the alphabet
And numbers, one, two, three

4
He taught me all the presidents
And how they served this land
And how they did their politics
For what they'd say they stand

5
He taught me how to hunt and fish
And how to make a trap
He taught me how to make a kite
And how to close a gap

6
He taught me about lightning
The cause of thunder too
He taught me about the rain clouds
And why the sky was blue

7
He taught me 'bout the nation's wars
And all the damage done
He taught me how the patriots fought
And how freedom was won

8
He read to me the Holy Writ
Explained it best he could
He taught me how to see the right
And tell the bad from good

9
He taught me how to chop a log
And fell a tree just so
He taught me to make arrows straight
And how to shoot a bow

10
He taught me how to shoot a gun
And love the nature trail
And have concern for all wild life
And call the bobwhite quail

11
He taught me many old folk songs
And sort of how to sing
He taught me lots of riddles too
And tricks to do with string

12
Poppie was a master craftsman
He made most anything
He built his wagon, house and barn
He made a silver ring

13
He was a farmer first and last
He grew livestock and crops
He took good care of his farm land
Such work just never stops

14
He kept honey bees in bee gums
His honey yield was big
He never wore protective dress
When stung he danced a jig

15
His grape vines made bushels of fruit
He made some into wine
Cherries, apples, peaches, pears, figs
Were never less than prime

16
Poppie Henry had hay fever
Each summer very bad
He used super-sized handkerchiefs
I recall as a lad

17
When he was sort of pretty old
He bought a brand new car
It was a Ford, a Model-T
He never drove it far

18
Since he was old and tired and slow
And I was young and sharp
He taught me how to drive his car
That gave me quite a spark

19
Then all too soon my Poppie died
He'd lived a good long life
His going left a heavy void
The pain hurt like a knife

20
In all my years of adult life
I never do forget
The good times spent with my Poppie
When on creek banks we sat

APRIL LEIGH

1

In nineteen eighty-one
On the eleventh day
Of the month of July
April Leigh came to stay

2

She was born in Richmond
Virginia is the state
It was early morning
At five fifteen this date

3

She weighed in at seven
Pounds and fifteen ounces
She will soon be very active
She will do some bounces

4

Her eyes are blue in color
Her hair is scarce to see
But what there is of it
Light brown it seems to be

5

She has no teeth as yet
As far as one can know
But on her liquid diet
She will soon stretch and grow

6

Nancy and Dave
The so-proud parents be
They love the tiny tyke
She is a joy to see

7

She has a lot of kin
Uncles, cousins galore
A lot of aunts too
It's hard to count the score

8

She has a full quota
Of grandparents all right
They will try to spoil her
About with all their might

9

At so few hours of age
We cannot tell the rest
She needs a lot of time
To grow and do her best

10

This tiny little girl
Is more than usual blessed
She has three grandmothers
To thrill with all the rest

TO DAVID ANDREW

1

Hello! David Andrew
To you we here salute
Welcome to this great big, big world
We love you, absolute

2

It was the twelfth of December
In nineteen eighty-five
That you were born in Richmond town
Active, very alive

3

You weighed in at eight pounds and two
Handsome, healthy young lad
Your friends and kin came from afar
They were happy and glad

4

The very day that you were born
The weather was so fine
Temperature seventy-two
And there was bright sunshine

5

Mother Nancy and father Dave
And sister April Leigh
Were glad to welcome you to join
Their little family

6

Your first home was nine-oh-oh-eight
There on the Weldon Drive
It was well stocked with pets and toys
As you grow up to size

7

Your first big job: to eat and sleep
You did them right and well
Sometimes you mixed the days and nights
And gave a midnight yell

8

In future times we hope to see
Your growth from year to year
As you progress from babe to man
Our pride for you is clear

BETTY JO AND JOHN

1

There is a young couple
Betty Jo and John by name
They live near old Pot Neck
A place of some small fame

2

She is a fine teacher
She has taught many years
The papers she has graded
Would sure drive one to tears

3

John does library work
At the Fort Campbell Base
If good books are your need
He sure sets a fast pace

4

They live in the country
A far piece from the town
When the bad weather comes
It sometimes gets them down

5

To leave their distant home
A big creek they must cross
When the big rain storms come
Their creek becomes the boss

6

Their bridge sometimes washed out
Their travel was impaired
When the flood waters come
Emergency declared

7

Betty Jo and John's two cars
Are vital to their life
When fuel prices rise
They have to face more strife

8

One car is old and worn
It uses lots of gas
It shows a lot of rust
But still a lot of class

9

Their newer car is shiny
It is efficient too
It is a foreign brand
It usually gets them through

10

They love their happy pets
Some dogs and just one cat
They guard the house by day
And by night, keep out rats

11

On committees and work crews
They work for many hours
They get the jobs well done
They exert all their powers

12

So Betty Jo and John
Solid citizens here
They are cheerful folks
With hearts of gold, all year

MINOA

1

A little college girl
Minoa was her name
She has a happy face
History is her game

2

Her hair brown and curly
Was sort of short in style
She likes it just that way
So you can see her smile

3

She likes ocean beaches
The sun and surf and sand
She moves well in water
As well as on dry land

4

She has a good suntan
A maiden so nut-brown
She is not much heavy
No need to lose a pound

5

She came up from Erin
The one in Tennessee
She goes back to visit
Family, friends to see

6

She liked to work for Sears
She is a steady clerk
In the mail order part
Her duty never shirk

7

She takes a language course
German, spoken "sie Deutsch"
She has a good purpose
A need so very much

8

You see her main, main man
In Germany elsewhere
They have the wedding plans
She's going over there

9

With her sense of humor
She likes some jokes and fun
She'll even tolerate
An old worn, corny pun

10

Now this girl Minoa
May not be president
She'll make good impressions
Just everywhere she went

PAMELA AND CARTER

1

Pam and Carter went up the aisle
By the altar they stood
They pledged their vows before the world
To do the best they could

2

To love and cherish day by day
For near a thousand years
The world rejoicing with the pair
With great big happy tears

3

They sped away to some far place
To find a honeymoon
They'll soon return to home and work
To settle down so soon

4

The married pair to seek their place
Sometimes frowns, some laughter
To face the world the good and bad
Happy ever after

A GIRL NAMED PAMELA

1

There was a girl named Pamela
She liked food and apples mellow
She studied her books
She evaded crooks
Her complexion never fallow

2

She liked history best and such lore
She did big term papers galore
She made lots of A's
She found study pays
She wrote till her fingers were sore

3

She sure loved her post office work
Her job she sure would never shirk
She bugged older ladies
Except on the pay days
Her energy, endless, no quirk

4

Her old Buick she drives real fast
Its newness a thing of the past
It still chugs along
Pamela in song
Will it to graduation last?

5

Pamela is tall for her size
Except for the blue in her eyes
She laughs when she's happy
She frowns when she's scrappy
Since babyhood she seldom cries

TO SISTER NELLIE

1

You've earned your retirement
You worked from morn till night
And way past your bedtime
To plan your lessons right

2

You taught the little kiddies
To work and read and write
You taught them more than numbers
A lot of wrong from right

3

You taught a lot of learning
Within the school and out
You set a fine example
On that there is no doubt

4

You gave hope and optimism
When the world looked bleak and dull
You brought a lot of happiness
You made their lives more full

5

We'll call you "older sister"
If you'll permit us to
You play that role so nicely
We've been inspired by you

6

We youngsters were your students too
Perhaps you didn't know
You taught us a lot of living
You showed the way to go

7

We love you Sister Nellie
That's a real big fact
We appreciate your kindness
From a long way back

8

We shout, "Hats off to you"
That's the least that we can say
And wish you loads of pleasure
Along your merry way

E. S.

1

E.S. is a fair lady
Her hair is honey blonde
She wears a ready smile
Quick as a pixie's wand

2

She liked her college courses
She studied day by day
She earned her education
That was her sincere way

3

One teacher one day joked
A word about her hair
She vowed she'd joke him later
She'd catch him unaware

4

It was a few days later
The class was soon to start
She then surprised the teacher
She played her funny part

5

She crept up right behind him
The class was not yet late
She said, "This time, Professor
You're covered with two thirty-eights"

6

The teacher took the joke
With humor and good grace
He thought the time would come
Another joke, another place

7

Five years later once more
E.S. was back in school
Master's degree to get
More learning was her rule

8

One day waiting for class
The same old teacher came
He took a seat behind her
And greeted her by name

9

He said, "Fair you, don't move
Now it's again too late
This time I've got you cold
But not with two thirty-eights"

10

Her blush was now to show
Her face was plenty red
She too had remembered
What all before was said

E. S. AND THIRTY-EIGHT

1

E.S. is a fine lady
There is no room for doubt
She liked to eat her calories
They made her big and stout

2

Her size was called full-figured
It was her natural state
She filled her blouse completely
She's known as Mrs. Thirty-Eight

3

She liked to go to college
In class she did quite well
She surely learned her lessons
Big words she learned to spell

4

One teacher made her blush
When he described her hair
She seemed to have forgotten
To comb it with great care

5

She vowed to joke him later
The time the class next met
She'd make him blush some redder
She knew his goat she'd get

6

She slipped up just behind him
Before the class was late
She said, "Don't move, Professor,
You're covered with two thirty-eights"

7

The teacher knew her mission
Had made him blush so red
He knew the joke was on him
No more could now be said

8

Five years or more had passed
E.S. was back in school
Her M.A. now her object
She worked hard as a mule

9

One day for class she waited
The same old teacher passed
The one five years before then
She'd joked before the class

10

He sat down just behind her
He said, "Don't move, too late,
This time I've got you covered
But not with two thirty-eights"

IN MEMORY OF BRUNO

1

Bruno went away this year
He had no choice you see
He had fulfilled his mission
The way it had to be

2

Most of his life was Army
And family, friends and sports
He always lived in good style
His interests were many sorts

3

The Army Dental Clinic
Was his favorite chore
He went far beyond mere duty
To make good service, more

4

His wife and charming daughters
Were his pride and joy filled
His going left a big void
To work as fate has willed

5

In Bruno's busy, short life
He had some time for pets
He loved his dogs quite a lot
But best he loved his cats

6

Since good cars are all a part
Of modern life and play
Bruno always kept good "wheels"
Travel in style his way

7

In sports he loved his golf game
His score was seldom high
So God called Bruno home for
His golf team in the sky

8

One never knows when one will go
We mostly live each day
Bruno we think lived fully
A good, rich life his way

IN MEMORY OF RODNEY, 1982

by L. Paul Hyatt

1

Rodney went home to stay today
It was his last long ride
Family, many friends, teammates
Their mourning could not hide

2

Rodney's life had barely begun
He lived but nineteen years
He died for such a worthless cause
His friends shed many tears

3

Family life, his pride and joy
He loved his kin and home
So when he had much time to spare
To home he'd often come

4

Rodney had done his school work well
Good progress always made
His teachers praised his attitude
He always made the grade

5

For Rodney church was part of life
His Christian work was true
He ran his life by his God's plan
Sincerely through and through

6

All through the time of his school years
School sports he liked to play
He always loved football the best
He'd play it hard all day

7

It was the wide pass receiver
Position he played best
If any pass could well be caught
He did, then ran no less

8

He always had unending pride
For progress of his teams
He always gave more team spirit
A booster by all means

9

In God's all powerful wisdom
The question sure must be
Why was Rodney taken away?
It's hard for us to see

10

No answer comes to us with ease
We can't know God's game plan
God's team may need one pass catcher
If so, Rodney's the man

11

A just God and man must punish
The ones who did this crime
Those who did this dastardly act
Must pay for a long time

12

Is there a lesson here for life
On which we can depend?
We see how fragile life can be
Each day may be the end

MISTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1

Mister Shakespeare, just who are you?
When did you live? What did you do?
Where were you born? Was it afar?
Were you so great? Was there a par?

2

The world says you wrote quite a lot
Some plays and things, most with a plot
Your birth was fifteen sixty-four
That's not enough, please tell us more

3

The place of birth, Stratford we hear
By the River Avon so near
Then you lived till sixteen sixteen
A lot of living in between

4

The world now says that as the Bard
No other one with you has parred
In the world of literature
No other works so good and pure

5

Now we conclude that we now best
Not more disturb you, let you rest
We thank you for your plays and things
We hope you ride on angels' wings

DEAR ABBY

1

This is Dear Abby
She may be flabby
She sure is gabby

2

To read her for one
When not on the run
Might be just some fun

3

Beware her advice
She's wrong more than twice
She'll put you on ice

4

Her words are fickle
Wisdom, a trickle
You're in a pickle

COLLEGE STUDENTS

1
A college student
Is a special breed
In a special world
With a special need
2
They often leave home
While very immature
They must act grown-up
Still feel insecure
3
They read the schedule
Of all the courses
They get more confused
From all the forces
4
They take a full load
Of lectures and such
It looks like a lot
It may be too much
5
When classes begin
The teachers they meet
Some classes are full
There's barely a seat
6
To the library
Many students go
They learn a lot there
There's so much to know
7
College social life
Is educating too
A lot of new friends
And big things to do
8
Some, too, find a mate
And marriage for life
Girls find the dream man
Boys find the dream wife
9
They go to ball games
And lose all their poise
When cheering their teams
They make much big noise
10
When the going gets tough
Some courses they drop
Some just get tougher
Some just want to stop

11
When test time arrives
Some really dig in
Some study all night
Some look all done in
12
Reports and term papers
Take a lot of time
Doing research work
Keeps busy the mind
13
The real big deal
Is the final exam
Some study each day
Some just wait and cram
14
Then finally comes
The long quarter's end
The grades are all done
The word home to send
15
Now grade-point average
Quality points too
Become the concern
Still plenty to do
16
Then after four years
Graduation looms
For those who held on
It is none too soon
17
Some now hate to go
Out in the world cold
They'd rather not change
To new, from the old
18
Some do choose to stay
For another year
And do graduate work
Without study fear
19
When it's all complete
College days are done
It's easy to look back
And remember the fun
20
Forget the bad times
Remember the best
You've earned your degree
Now sit down and rest

THE AGING MAN

1

When he was young
And in his prime
He could climb a tree
Most any old time

2

But now he's old
And his feet are cold
Can't climb a tree
To save his soul

3

To climb that tree
Now holds no charm
To watch a game
Can cause less harm

4

He now just walks
And never runs
To read a book
Is much more fun

5

They say that age
Is only in the head
But the body knows
When it's time for bed

6

Of course in bed
He may not sleep
He may have other
Plans to keep

THE AGING WOMAN

1

Some aging women
Are a pretty sight
They strive to stay young
With all of their might

2

They wrinkles detest
Dislike sagging jaws
Their long finger nails
Bright painted, like claws

3

They dye their gray hair
All purple and red
Till the tresses split
And really look dead

4

They get a face lift
And other parts too
They substitute pads
Where nature won't do

5

They jog and they run
Till their tongues hang out
They stand on the scales
But still they stay stout

6

They go on a diet
And off just as easy
The foods they consume
Would make one queasy

7

They copy the styles
Of teenagers' clothes
The shortest short shorts
That show all their woes

8

Then when they have tried
All plans in the book
They give up and try
The natural look

9

They find to their joy
That now they look great
Grandmas are in style
They can celebrate

HE WAS A GOOD MAN

1

The bravest man I've ever seen
Fought till red with blood and gore
He laid him down and bled awhile
Then he rose and fought some more

2

The chips were down, he saved the day
He never gave up the chase
He was as tough as a pine knot
Adversity face to face

3

He kept his eye on the bull's eye
All ready to do battle
He would climb the highest mountain
He stood tall in the saddle

4

Without panic he kept his head
In the heat he kept his cool
Bearded the lion in his den
But he was nobody's fool

5

He was no quitter all his life
No short cuts, made the long haul
At times he worked around the clock
Gave a lot, and gave his all

6

In his life he ran the full course
He always fit the good fight
He kept his eye right on the ball
He burned the oil of midnight

7

Never a cheat, he toed the mark
He walked the straight and narrow
In fields he plowed the straightest row
Was straight as any arrow

8

His life was like an open book
He walked, he trod the high road
He had no fear but fear of God
He always carried his load

9

He had a heart as good as gold
He gave service with a smile
In all he did the best he could
With all he went the last mile

10

He put in an all-out effort
No success: try, try again
He worked his fingers to the bone
Just kept keeping on, with pain

11

He never left a stone unturned
Well-prepared, he paid his dues
And he did what he had to do
He hung tough in there, good news

12

Did his duty as he saw it
He kept a stiff upper lip
Then beyond the call of duty
He never shot from the hip

13

He told no lies, only the truth
And he climbed the highest trees
Loved the people of all the world
And he sailed the biggest seas

14

As you'd suspect he wore out young
His hard life, none could survive
Looked natural at funeral
Much like when he was alive

OUR HEROES

1

Oh, where have all our heroes gone?
What happened to the best we've known?
They gave us pleasure, pride and powers
They gave us our finest hours

2

Franklin Roosevelt in his time
As president, a whole new kind
His New Deal plan, it set a mark
He gave his life, he did his part

3

Abraham Lincoln best of all
Rescued our nation from a fall
He helped unite the states again
He helped remove the slavery pain

4

Thomas Jefferson likely best
More democratic than the rest
Life, liberty, happy and free
Say independence, make it be

5

George Washington, great leader, strong
In work and pain, hard times for long
First in war, also first in peace
Our honor of him will not cease

6

Andrew Jackson of Tennessee
Served his country, land of the free
Wars and politics he knew well
Most all enemies he could quell

7

John Kennedy as president
Gave us new life before he went
We'll never know what could have been
His life cut short, too soon the end

8

Dwight Eisenhower in modern war
His leadership without a par
His crusade in the World War Two
Gave freedom still a chance anew

9

Old Ben Franklin was shy of peers
In his long life, many careers
He made the world his big workshop
The good he did will never stop

10

Thomas Edison, inventor great
Early to rise, always worked late
His list of firsts was unsurpassed
His name and fame are sure to last

11

Charles A. Lindbergh in the air
Made the blue skies a place to share
He made the airways more a place
For man to meet God face to face

12

The great big "Duke", John Wayne the man
No greater star in movie land
He dared to tell the world to hear
His love of country with no fear

13

George Herman "Babe" Ruth made his mark
Knocking the balls out of the park
Since he is gone, sports not the same
Helped make baseball our nation's game

14

Bing Crosby crooned his way to fame
His drama, too, gentle and tame
His holiday songs, here to stay
"Dream", "White Christmas", "Going My Way"

15

Paul "Bear" Bryant of football fame
The record books filled with his name
His winning teams set a fast pace
Made the sports world a better place

16

What will we do without heroes?
To help us meet our trials and woes
Until some new heroes shall rise
The spirits of old ones suffice

TO A BLACK WALNUT

1

For Latin and for science use
 Juglans Nigra is it
Plain “black walnut” is fine for me
 Either good name will fit

2

As a big tree out in the woods
 You make a lofty sight
You are a tall and gallant giant
 Light green leaves in the night

3

Squirrels love your tasty walnuts
 They climb up high to eat
They also eat them on the ground
 Along a busy street

4

For furniture, the finest kind
 There is no better tree
From which to saw the good lumber
 The finest grain to see

5

The big grandfather clock that stands
 At Grandma’s by the wall
Is made of black walnut too
 There facing to the hall

6

For pistol grips and good gun stocks
 Your wood is the first rate
You’re strong and have stability
 In trim and polished state

7

Walnut wood, too, is good to carve
 To make small tools and toys
For card tables and checker boards
 Presents for girls and boys

8

Now Grandma’s Christmas cake must have
 Some walnuts to be right
To make the flavor touch the tongue
 And make the spirits bright

HELLO! FRIEND PECAN TREE

1

The best name science can give you
Latin for the big books
Carya Illinoensis it is
It may not fit your looks

2

The good sweet nuts you grow each year
And drop upon the ground
Are fine to eat or stash away
And give as gifts all 'round

3

To squirrels and to some big birds
Pecans are food they choose
They grab them 'fore they hit the ground
Leave empty shells as clues

4

Your tasty meat is often found
In candy and in cakes
That nutty taste is hard to beat
“Yum! Yum! My goodness sakes”

5

You grow the best down in the South
In rich and sandy soil
To plant a grove of pecan trees
Requires a lot of toil

6

Fine pecan wood is choice and rare
The grain is smooth and good
To make the finest furniture
The best woodworker's wood

7

You are the kin of a fine friend
The hickory tree I know
You both make fine shade on the yard
In summer heat you grow

BY GUM, MISTER BLACK GUM

1

Your name for science is new to me
It may be new to you
Nyssa Syvatica it is
We hope it suits you too

2

My early memories of you
Is how Aunt Susie made
A toothbrush from your tiny limbs
To use there in the shade

3

It fit just right in her snuff box
For use to brush and clean
Before toothpaste and fancy stuff
Like Crest and gooley Gleam

4

Your bright red leaves in early fall
Give the woods a fine hue
The rest are brown and falling down
While yours look good as new

5

Your berry fruit are juicy good
For birds and furry friends
They fatten up for soon to come
Those harsh cold winter winds

6

Your strong tough hard wood lumber stock
For furniture is best
On which to glue the rich veneers
To stand the beauty test

7

Your wood is not so great to burn
In fireplace nor in stove
The bark and grain is slow to start
Green wood down in the cove

8

For old-time oxen for to work
Gum made a choice yoke
With hickory bows to hold it on
Hard work was not a joke

9

For honey bees to have a home
A gum tree was the place
For them to store their honey crop
We gave them plenty space

DEAR MISTER OAK

1

Mister Oak Tree, you are my friend
I've known you all my days
I've seen you grow from bush to tree
Do good in many ways

2

You grow so tall, majestic, strong
You reach up to the sky
In most big woods you are the king
Up where the songbirds fly

3

Your acorn crop is real fine food
For fall and wintertime
For many birds and wildlife friends
They visit you to dine

4

Your spread'ng limbs and big broad leaves
Provide the best of shade
From mean hot sun in summertime
On hill or in the glade

5

Oak wooden barrels are the best kind
To store the best new wine
They age away the raw bad taste
And make the flavor fine

6

Oak timber makes the best wood parts
For wagons, plows and tools
Your wood is strong enough to use
With big hardworking mules

7

For building fences, posts and gates
Oak is the choice to use
Your strength and durability
No livestock on the loose

8

Charcoal has long and steady use
To burn, to heat, to cook
Oak makes as good as any wood
The menu in the book

9

Quercus Coccinea is your name
In science says the book
To me you are still a fine tree
With just the same nice look

HI! MISTER SASSY SASSAFRAS

1

Your name for science and common too
Are near about the same
Sassafras Albidum is fine
As good as any name

2

Down on the farm we had no pop
Coffee and tea were gone
We made a drink of sassafras
With cream or with alone

3

As good, long, smooth, tall, strong bean sticks
Sassafras was the best
They held the heavy vines and beans
They stood the wind-blown test

4

To clear the throat and lips to talk
Or whistle-call a quail
I'd chew the bark of sassafras
It helped my call prevail

5

Down on the farm you had a chore
Just at hog-killing time
You made a strong gambreling stick
Of the right size and kind

6

The ladder used to climb way up
To the big barn hay loft
Was made of strong young sassafras
We played in hay so soft

7

You sassafras are also good
As stock in a wood shop
In making fine nice furniture
Such as grandfather's clock

8

And sassafras you do a job
To help rebuild the soil
In old poor fields, dirt all worn out
You grow and do your toil

9

The nice aroma of your tea
Is gentle to my nose
By drinking it when it is hot
Warms me down to my toes

HELLO! MISTER HICKORY TREE

1

You are Carya Tomentosa
In all biology
How can you bear such a big name
For all the world to see?

2

I love your shade in summertime
It cools my sweated brow
When I have cut and chopped and hoed
And fought that heavy plow

3

Your wood was best and strongest too
For many farm tool needs
We used a hickory ball bat
Our playfield in the weeds

4

You had a bad reputation
Read, write and 'rithmetic
The punishment was not your plan
Tune of hickory stick

5

Hickory nuts fed lots of folks
Wild animals and hogs
We found them hidden in the leaves
And by the old dead logs

6

Your hickory smoke is the best
To season fresh hog meat
We salt it down and cure it right
A winter feast to eat

7

You hickory trees are tall and strong
A good place for a nest
For robins and most any bird
A place to roost and rest

8

Your hickory wood makes good fuel
To burn in our fireplace
It pops and sparks and makes good heat
And brightens up your face

9

When summer's gone and cold winds blow
Your leaves turn old and brown
They fall and cover up the earth
As they come tumbling down

TO A MAPLE TREE

1

So they say Acer Saccharum
You are in the big book
Of botany in the school
You have a gentle look

2

Of all the trees I choose to see
You maple tree are one
Pretty as any in the woods
Bright in the morning sun

3

Sometimes you're green or red or gold
Or purple crimson king
Sometimes your leaves are silver white
All cheerful in the spring

4

You even give a sweet, sweet juice
To make sugar and syrup
If cooked real slow and long enough
Pancakes for little twerps

5

Rock maple wood is best of all
A kitchen table make
It looks real good and lasts so long
There cut and eat the cake

6

A rolling pin and good bread tray
And wooden fork and spoon
Of maple wood the very best
To get the job done soon

7

A butcher's block and cutting board
Of maple every time
They stand the work and last and last
They are the bestest kind

8

The city streets in many towns
Are lined with trees and shade
The maple lines the streets the best
On hills and in the glade

9

When my time comes to quit this world
Someone to read my will
Just rest my bones out there beneath
The maple on the hill

TO THE AMERICAN CHESTNUT

1

Your Latin name is not well known
But good for study too
Just Castanea Dentata
Either good name will do

2

You chestnut trees were just the best
To make food in the fall
Those sweet chestnuts covered the ground
Choice food for one and all

3

The blight did come and do you in
You died there in the wood
No more chestnuts for all to eat
No other food so good

4

When I was just a wee small lad
I knew one chestnut tree
It was there in Grandpa's back field
As healthy as could be

5

But soon it, too, got chestnut blight
And died like all the rest
No more fine chestnuts for to roast
All gone the good and best

6

The sweet chestnuts up in the tree
Came down in spiny burs
They stuck into my small bare feet
They had such painful spurs

7

You chestnut trees were good to use
For fine furniture wood
But now it's scarce or not at all
No matter still how good

8

Back in the years when chestnut trees
Were in so great supply
They were the choice to split and make
Chestnut rail so high

9

Now when I dream of chestnut trees
And Grandma by the fire
I smell the chestnuts roasting hot
Of that I never tire

TO A FLOWERING DOGWOOD

1

Your Latin: Cornus Florida
Is a blossom to see
It describes you at your all best
With flowers on a tree

2

Hello! Mister Dogwood of spring
After long winter's cold
When we can see your blossoms white
Dress the woods so bold

3

You even have a folksy time
Your season in the spring
A cool spell called "Dogwood Winter"
To shiver is the thing

4

We know the story of the cross
The one that Jesus bore
They say it was of old dogwood
The Bible tells us more

5

No homey yard is near complete
Without a dogwood tree
To cheer it up in early spring
With blossoms full and free

6

Your dogwood grain is hard and fine
It makes the finest spool
For textile mills and spinning wheels
They run so smooth and cool

7

Now as a tree you dogwood friend
You grow real slow and small
You stand below the big tall trees
Get little sun at all

I SEE YOU MISTER CEDAR

1

So Thuja Occidentalis
Science says it's your big name
Sounds like a Wild West show to me
I see you as the same

2

You, Mister Cedar, on the hill
You stay so bright and green
In all the seasons of the year
Pretty as ever seen

3

At Christmas time you are the one
The tree all full of toys
You cheer up all the young and old
And wide-eyed girls and boys

4

You cedar trees in Grandpa's yard
With needles on the ground
Like little briars they stuck my feet
I yelled a painful sound

5

A cedar bucket on the shelf
To drink from in the shade
Was just the way to have a drink
As good as lemonade

6

For good fence posts down on the farm
Cedar was always best
It stood the test of time and won
Better than all the rest

7

No home could long be safe and sound
From moths and bugs and dust
Without a good big cedar chest
A storage place a must

8

In summertime you cedar tree
Were one of the sure best
A fine place for a turtle dove
To build her homey nest

9

When winter winds blow hard and cold
You shelter little birds
Protect from rain and sleet and snow
They "tweet, tweet" little words

10

When work was done and rest time comes
When I was just a boy
A cedar board was my first choice
To whittle on with joy

HI! MISTER PERSIMMON TREE

1

Diospyros Virginiana

Is your big Latin call
That makes you sound like royalty
With your fine growth by fall

2

Of all the wildwood forest food
Persimmons are the best
For sweet dessert at any meal
Or at a mid-morn rest

3

In years ago late in the night
As we trod in the wood
We liked to find a 'simmon tree
And eat some if we could

4

We knew that possums and the coons
Liked your fruit like we did
Sometimes we'd find one up a tree
Behind a limb he hid

5

The foxes, too, were quick to eat
Persimmons on the ground
If they got there before we did
Not one bite could be found

6

The farmer's dark tobacco crop
At barn fire-curing time
He liked to burn persimmon wood
It cured the leaf just fine

YOU ARE FINE MISTER PINE

1
Science calls you Pinus Strobus
That is too big to see
I like you like you've always been
A tall pine tree to me

2
Mister Pine, you are the best
So tall and smooth and straight
You reach a way into the sky
Your posture is first-rate

3
Back on the farm you filled the bill
As wood to cook the meal
We cut a lot of pine stove wood
To make a cooking deal

4
For framing work you can't be beat
To build a house so fine
The two-by-fours and two-by-eights
In number-one good pine

5
You get a lot of heavy work
As power poles so tall
For telephones and big flood lights
You serve the best of all

6
I even used to drink a tea
Made from your pine top green
My Grandma said it cured the flu
The best she'd ever seen

7
Your big pine burrs and small ones too
Are, too, a work of art
They decorate at Christmas time
They do their season's part

8
Now pine rosin has lots of good
To chew as homemade gum
It makes the fiddle bow squeak right
It makes the music hum

9
Now as a big tall tree in woods
You make so little shade
You let a lot of sunshine in
To seedlings in the glade

TO MISTER OAK

1

Hey! Mister Oak, you are my friend
I've known you for a long time
You shaded me in my front yard
From the old hot sunshine

2

When I was just a lad of two
Or maybe just age one
I played beneath your summer shade
Hidden from summer's sun

3

Those big, long, strong, solid oak beams
Made bridges big and small
Across big rivers wide and deep
Oak timber best of all

4

When building homes for long good use
Oak floors they can't be beat
They are so strong and durable
They shine so clear and neat

5

When building pasture for the farm
Good fences are a must
Good solid oak posts fill the bill
They last and never rust

6

The old oaken bucket was there
To hold water to drink
It had its place beside the stove
Or near the kitchen sink

7

From early fall through wintertime
Your acorns could be found
As feed for birds and animals
Right there upon the ground

8

The heavy wood for farm wagons
And plows and tools and chairs
Were often made of fine oak wood
We climbed those oaken stairs

9

I even love your dead brown leaves
That fall upon the ground
They decorate the woods and fields
And rustle a sweet sound

10

Now if I get to Heaven's gates
I think I'll surely find
Those gates are made of fine oak wood
That would be the best kind

TO A TRUE AMERICAN BEECH

1

So Fagus Grandifolia
Is your official call
You are a big tree in the woods
So stately straight and tall

2

Your white bark can be easy seen
A way down in the grove
I see you down in the deep swag
Each time I stroll and rove

3

Beech nuts for food is early mast
For many forest friends
They are the best in early fall
Before the summer ends

4

Squirrels and birds love you the best
Because your trunk has holes
In which they den in winter months
Out of the snow and cold

5

Down on my farm down on the creek
The survey marked a beech
As a good corner landmark tree
The rods and yards to reach

6

Your curly leaves are thin and light
They move in slightest breeze
They make a joyful little noise
They please the ears with ease

MISTER ASH, YOU ARE A SMASH

1

When we study in Botany
And classify you right
Praxinus Americana
So dignified, not trite

2

You, Ash, come in two or more shades
The Green and also White
You grow best in rich bottomland
With soil and moisture right

3

Your wood is white and strong and straight
Your ball bats are the best
They knock a home run any time
They stand the striking test

4

In my little old one-room school
With big pot-bellied stove
Ash was the best wood we could burn
No matter where we'd roam

5

It started quick on cold, cold morn
And burned real hot and fast
The coals would keep our tootsies warm
From first until the last

6

Ash, too, is choice for some fine tools
As handles strong and clean
For long-time durability
As good as any seen

7

We even used ash stove wood too
To cook a kitchen meal
It gave the oven right quick heat
We got a happy deal

8

You ash trees are a pretty sight
You're full size tall and wide
Your green leaves flashing in the sun
White on the other side

HEY! SWEET GUM TREE

1

I like your common name the best

It tells me what I see

Liquidamber Styraciflua

Is most too big for me

2

When we were young and short on sweets

We knew what we could do

To get some natural chewing gum

Get some sweet gum to chew

3

We had to plan ahead and cut

A small gash in your bark

So the sweet sap could ooze and wait

There in the small knife mark

4

Your star-shaped leaves are green and smooth

The whole hot summer through

But in the shorter days of fall

They take a different hue

5

Your leaves don't just turn gold or brown

They turn a cherry red

They can be seen throughout the woods

They'd nearly cheer the dead

6

Your wood is, too, like other gums

Strong for furniture use

It makes a good and sturdy base

Veneers seldom turn loose

7

Those sweet gum balls fall to the ground

And decorate it fine

They, too, are used to trim the door

At fall festival time

TO A PROPER POPULAR TULIP POPLAR

1

Loriodendron Tulipifera

That is your Latin name

I like the yellow poplar word

You are nice just the same

2

Of all the big trees in the woods

Your bark is best of all

Near smooth in tiny gray ridges

In spring, summer and fall

3

Your timber makes the best lumber

For handles, wagon beds

For furniture and handy things

And even shelter sheds

4

Your flowers are the sweetest kind

Bees love you for honey

But when I rob those honey bees

Their stings are not funny

5

Down in the deep woods where you grow

We you identify

By your long, tall, limbless trunk

You reach up near the sky

6

When I began to build a place

A log cabin no less

Your poplar logs are what I chose

They build the very best

7

The logs are long and smooth and straight

They hew and chop with ease

They stack and build and fit all right

Near simple as you please

8

I hear that your strong timber heart

Is nearly termite proof

That gives you long and lasting life

I hope that is the truth

CHEER UP, WEeping WILLOW

1

You Salix Babylonica
In science circles known
You have a charm no other tree
Can have, there all your own

2

The very first time when I saw
You on the river bank
I called you wrong, "a crying oak"
I bet your poor heart sank

3

Your droopy looks make you seem sad
With stems down to the ground
You make a nice place for the birds
To hide there all around

4

You often grow down by the pond
And shade the waters cool
To help the turtles and the frogs
And fishes there in school

5

The duck and goose and gander too
Love your shade on the pond
They swim and dive and stay alive
They have a common bond

6

A special project for your use
Is willow furniture
All made by a skilled worker
Real arts and crafts so pure

7

When the wind blows and moves your stems
They flow so smooth and nice
They shine and shimmy in the breeze
As cool as winter ice

8

You willow trees grow not so tall
As big trees in the wood
But you still filled a needed place
The very best you could

HELLO! AMERICAN HOLLY TREE

1

Ilex Apaca is the right
Name for you in a book
But Christmas holly is just fine
For that holiday look

2

We know you best at Christmas time
You make a pretty wreath
To decorate the doors and walls
Above the snow beneath

3

Your blood-red berries look good too
To add to Christmas cheer
The red and green contrast just so
With glitter bright and clear

4

An early memory, age six
In first grade in my school
In art we drew your holly leaves
And berries for the Yule

5

We colored them with wax crayons
And water colors too
And decorated the blackboard
To make it look brand new

6

Since your bright leaves stay green all year
You help the winter long
You look alive when most all trees
Look so bare and so wrong

7

Your spiny leaves become a toy
To make and play with ease
They can be held and made to spin
A wind mill in the breeze

HEY! HEY! HACKBERRY TREE

1

So Celtis Occidentalis
Is your scientific name
It's good to know that we use it
When we add up your fame

2

Your berries make a fine fruit food
For many little birds
I know they like to perch and eat
And sing a few short words

3

Your spiny stickers on your limbs
Make you real hard to climb
When I try to ascend your trunk
You spike me every time

4

That tends to make you as a tree
A good place for a nest
Of mockingbirds and robins too
A safe place for a rest

5

Your wood and limbs are strong and tough
But brittle not to bend
So snow and sleet can do you harm
And break your limbs no end

6

Your berries often fall and land
On sidewalk in the town
The kids there have a merry time
To pop them all they found

7

For some small tools your wood is best
As mallets and small mauls
To use with wood work in the shop
With chisels chips will fall

THE TALKING HICKORY

1

I am a big hickory tree
I've stood nearly one hundred years
I have watched this old world go by
Wait up, listen, lend me your ears

2

Of course at first I was a nut
In danger of being consumed
A big fat squirrel buried me
I was glad I was not exhumed

3

In time I was a little sprout
In a woods full of bigger trees
We were in a hardwood forest
In fall with many colored leaves

4

There was a time when woodsmen came
And cleared the land of most all trees
A few were left to stand and grow
You see, I was one of these

5

Then for some years this land was used
For good pasture for hogs and cows
My place had now become a shade
For livestock, pigs, calves, bulls and sows

6

For all those years in pastureland
My life was peaceful, calm and quiet
Wild things enjoyed my food and shade
Some birds roosted with me at night

7

As years flew by the near town grew
Houses were built not far away
My pastureland was then re-zoned
Many homes built out here to stay

8

My shade was good for all to use
In the heat of long summer days
People came by for work or play
To beat the heat, escape sun's rays

9

With the coming of more people
With home building the major plan
Roads and driveways were surveyed in
The landscape changed, less trees to stand

10

For many months as homes were built
Construction crews came in bunches
They loved my shade for work-break rest
That's where they often ate lunches

11

Then a day came when my lot sold
With plans to build a family home
The year was nineteen fifty-three
Bulldozers came, moved grass and loam

12

One early change that came to me
My low limbs were long and droopy
An axeman came and chopped them off
They gave my space light, less spooky

13

One other change, my twigs were trimmed
The electric wires passed through
Between my limbs into the house
Then my leaves soon around them grew

14

In a few short weeks, little more
The home was built and made ready
The family came and took their place
It made my life full and steady

15

Neighborhood kids from near and far
Came to my shade almost all day
It made me happy, full of joy
I loved to see them come and play

16

A new swing set with chains and seats
Was put in place in my best shade
For months and years it was in use
It thrilled the kids, joy for me made

17

Around my trunk my family built
A six-sided picnic table
My people used it day by day
For cook-out meals, as often as able

18

That table, too, had other use
A place to rest from garden work
A place to read and sit and think
A place to hide, small jobs to shirk

19

Some little friends of human kind
Built a little pond in my shade
Used by squirrels, birds, cats and dogs
Made life easy, they got it made

20

One year my folks built a small house
Meant for squirrels to bed and rest
It served them well for many years
Sometimes the birds used it to nest

21

In one case, too, the house was used
By an unusual gray guest
It was a young fat opossum
There taking his daytime rest

22

My best time for birds and squirrels
To visit me all day long
Was the good hickory nut time
The squirrels played, the birds in song

23

My cool shade lost some of its charm
When air condition came in style
Many of my friends stay inside
When summer heat begins to rise

24

When mechanic work was to be done
My shade was a good place for that
Many a job done 'neath my boughs
From wax a car, to fix a flat

25

At times my space was all used up
Tricycles, trucks, bicycles, toys
No parking space for many more
Wagons, trinkets, for girls and boys

26

Of all the happy days I've seen
Birthday parties were best of all
With songs, games, rides, food and laughter
Most all the kids would come to call

27

As my section developed more
The landscape changed there in my sight
Office buildings, hospital, stores
Some stay open all days and nights

28

The area grew fast and full
Big sounds and sights disturb me more
Sirens, horns, whistles, loud music
Trucks, ambulances, cars galore

29

For years I was the tallest thing
In sight of my own location
Now taller radio towers
I look up to in frustration

30

Now younger trees fill up my yard
Fruit trees, maple, ash, dogwood, oak
They give shade too and share the crowd
I'm old and gray, but not all broke

31

For many years a robin pair
Each summer built their little nest
On my strong limbs away up high
They liked my neighborhood the best

32

Sometimes the family cat would try
To climb my limbs and catch a bird
Of course the birds would fly away
And leave the cat without a word

33

In fall when leaves began to drop
My popularity went down
Raking my leaves made quite a chore
That work would bring a certain frown

34

Also in fall I pull a trick
I fill gutters with leaves and such
It makes a messy busy chore
My family does not like that much

35

In wintertime my leaves all gone
My limbs all gray and cold and bare
Few people come to visit me
Just rain and snow and ice my fare

36

The worst event for many a year
The ice storm, nineteen seventy-four
The ice and snow broke down my limbs
I could have stood but little more

37

My life is not so happy now
The kids grew up and moved away
They visit back from time to time
The place is quiet, not much to say

38

Now when I take a wee tree nap
I hear songs, cries, squeals and laughter
In dreams I see my kiddies here
I wake, they're gone, ever after

39

I now look to the future years
When kids may use my shade again
Maybe grandchildren will be here
To cheer my life and ease my pain

40

To paraphrase, I'll state a fact
Poems are made by trees like me
To be well read for memories
Only God's earth can grow a tree

TO A MOCKINGBIRD

1

I listen to you, Mockingbird
It's music to my ears
You copy all the singing flock
You sing away our cares

2

You sing just any time of day
From morning to way past noon
You even sing into the night
By the light of the moon

3

You are the bravest bird I know
You guard your range and place
You fight big hawks, big owls and crows
And peck them in the face

4

You also fight down near the ground
Protect your nest with power
So dogs, cats, snakes and people too
Get chased just any hour

5

You have the honor in five states
To be their own state bird
Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee
Your status is their word

6

Mississippi and Florida
Rate you number one too
You are the bird they honor most
No other bird will do

7

Your colors gray with flashy white
On perch or in the skies
Your size and shape, your signature
Make ease to recognize

8

You are a friend to farmer folk
You drive mean hawks away
You help protect the chicken yard
You eat some fruit for pay

9

You also eat a lot of seed
From mostly noxious weeds
You catch a lot of bad insects
You help the gardener's needs

10

So, Mister Mockingbird, we say
We love you as a bird
We thank you for your springtime song
No nicer voice is heard

11

When I come near the end of life
Just one more sound to hear
Let it be your sweet mocking song
To thrill once more my ear

TO A HOOT OWL

1

You, too, are called the Great Horned Owl
With big knobs on your head
But those big plugs are soft and smooth
Just feather tufts instead

2

Your legs are feather covered too
To keep your swift flight quiet
You can go gliding through the woods
With noise very slight

3

The early night and early morn
Are your best times to rove
That's when you catch your food supply
And grab it on the move

4

You make life tough for some small game
Rabbits, squirrel and quail
You catch some birds and rats and mice
As they crouch by the trail

5

You are a good example of
Protected birds today
Raptorial nocturnal kind
Your talons hold your prey

6

You nest the best in hollow trees
Far in the remote land
You male and female owl mates
Protect it best you can

7

Tonight I heard your hoot and call
From far down in the woods
It takes me back when I was young
You caught chicks when you could

8

Down on the farm our hens were tough
They roosted in the trees
Even in the wintertime
It looked like they would freeze

9

So for you owls that fit just right
You liked to raid our chicks
Pilfered and purloined our poultry
And left us in a fix

10

Then I arranged a perch for you
A steel trap on a pole
That night you landed on my trap
Oh just so brave and bold

11

The next bright morn when I looked out
You hung there in the light
My trap had caught you by both legs
As you stole in the night

12

When oft' we went on big coon hunts
In the deep valley lands
We'd cast the hounds into the woods
Beyond the pine tree stands

13

Then while we waited for the bark
Of lead hounds on the trail
We'd hear you big hoot owls cut loose
Your squall would scare us pale

14

You made a loud blood-curdling wail
Like someone in great pain
Then we'd recall just Mister Owl
Calling girl friends again

15

Sometimes we'd hoot and answer back
And you would linger near
Then you would recognize our fake
And retreat in your fear

16

Now, Mister Owl, I salute you
You are a noble bird
I love to hear you hoot, far off
As nice a sound as heard

TO A TURTLE DOVE

1

Hello there, Little Turtle Dove
You are a nice small bird
You don't make a lot of big noise
"Coo Coo" is your big word

2

You are well known for your true love
For your litter and mate
You help to feed and care for them
From morn to very late

3

You are known, too, to only build
A very flimsy nest
I often see the blue, blue sky
Right through your house at best

4

Your brownish-gray color blends in
With your main habitat
You and your nest are hard to find
You hide well from the cat

5

You raise a very little brood
Of just one or two or three
Sometimes bad weather interferes
And makes there trouble be

6

The little nest then gets all wet
The brood gets wet and chilled
They have a hard time to survive
They may get weather killed

7

Too bad come fall and hunting time
You, too, are hunter's game
You get shot at in woods and fields
The big noise is a shame

8

You have some tricks to save the day
You dart and soar and dive
Practice lots of aerobatics
And sometimes stay alive

9

You are a friend to farming folk
As on the ground you feed
You glean and clean some scattered grain
But mostly eat weed seed

10

You often get into a bind
When you go for a drink
The hunters lurk there by the pond
And shoot you in a wink

11

Now, Turtle Dove, we like your style
You are a docile bird
We hope and wish you'd hide far out
When dove guns bang the word

12

Your morning "coo" is nice to hear
As you call to your mate
Welcome to my garden and field
Where you can celebrate

TO A BOBWHITE QUAIL

1

As Bobwhite Quail or just plain bird
Or any other name
You make yourself known to the world
You crow your name and fame

2

In the far-out old rural fields
Or even near the town
Your cheery "Bobwhite" whistle sounds
From morning to sundown

3

The best sight of the year for me
Is when your young chicks hatch
And follow close by mother hen
Across the old pea patch

4

Your way of life and tasty meat
The chase is for your frame
In the open-game law season
Make you a delight game

5

Bird hunters with their dogs and guns
Surely give you a fright
They scare you up and chase you down
From dawn to nearly night

6

A super trick your mother pulls
When a bird dog is near
She rolls away to lure the dog
While the chicks hide in fear

7

Then when danger all has passed
The chicks and hen come back
Resume their feeding in the woods
With less fear of attack

8

When I was just a little lad
My grandpa taught me how
To whistle, call you from the fields
While resting by my plow

9

The tricky call was just to make
A sound like the Quail hen
The rooster, hen and covey all
Came whirring 'round the bend

10

A trick you have that never fails
To scare me out of wits
Is flush, explode out of the grass
At my feet, gives me fits

11

You gave the farmer some trouble
By eating up his corn
But he can tolerate the loss
He loves your call at morn

12

You social group and congregate
In big coveys at times
Gives you a better safer chance
You hide in brush and vines

13

Foxes, dogs and many varmints
Are trouble in your nest
They sniff and find and eat the eggs
For Quail hen little rest

14

I hope that I shall always be
Near a Quail call to hear
The world would be a dreary place
Without your call of cheer

TO A TREE FROG

1

Hello up there! Mister Tree Frog
And all your friends there too
Up there in my hickory tree
Wonder what you all do

2

I like your shrill song all the night
Charms the dark spirits 'way
You then quiet down with the sunrise
And rest and eat all day

3

I like your dull camouflage coat
Blends well on the tree bark
It may protect you from big birds
When they stalk you 'fore dark

4

I know you are of a small size
About like two small dimes
I know cause I've seen you before
Just a very few times

5

Your suction-cup feet are in style
Take you where you need go
Then help you dig down in the mud
Before cold winter's snow

6

I think I know your cousins too
Mister Bull, Mister Toad
They make a great big splash there in
The pond down by the road

7

I hope you have a food supply
Of insects in my tree
I hope you spend the summer here
Your song's a joy to me

8

I welcome you to drink and rest
In gutters on my roof
The cool damp leaves in the drain pipes
Are near danger-proof

9

For now, "Adieu", to you, Tree Frog
Welcome to my tree home
I hope you come along each year
Never far away roam

TO A RURAL RABBIT

1

Mister Rabbit, I have known you
Just about all my life
Known you in those old bonnie years
And in years of strife

2

Your ears are long, your tail is short
You thrive in lots of climes
You get into a lot of scrapes
You win most of the times

3

I know your great big cousin too
Called him Swamper by name
He liked the big wet bottomland
He played a wilder game

4

In those old bad depression years
We had a name for you
You were then called a "Hoover Hog"
You made fine rabbit stew

5

Down on the farm you were a pill
You chewed our young plants down
You ate tomatoes, apples, corn
Anything near the ground

6

In wintertime when food was scarce
You'd do us in real bad
You'd chew our best new orchard trees
They stood there dead, so sad

7

I once caught you in a stick trap
In our tomato patch
When I reached in to pull you out
You gave me a bad scratch

8

My farm-dog hounds they loved you best
They chased you day and night
When they finally caught your hide
Then for your blood they'd fight

9

You had a useful bag of tricks
To outwit any dog
You'd climb into a hollow tree
Or in a hollow log

10

Then I would fetch a twisting stick
And twist it on your hide
I'd tug and twist and grunt and strain
Till out the hole you'd slide

11

You had a noted feature too
Your snow-white cotton tail
It sometimes cut your safety rate
As you sped down the trail

12

It gave the hunter with his gun
A target he could hit
He would hunt you all day long
Then about sundown quit

13

You had another tall grass trick
You'd bed down close and tight
Then when I'd nearly step on you
Explode, give me a fright

14

So then I'd grab gun and game bag
And call my rabbit hound
We'd raid your playland far and wide
Any where you'd abound

15

The best trick you had to escape
Was in a groundhog hole
My dog nor I could get you out
Even with a long pole

16

Now as we both grow old and gray
I think of you with joy
You have been there big in my life
Ever since I 'ze a boy

TO A GRAY SQUIRREL

1

Of all the animals I know
You have a favored place
You make the world aware of you
You meet it face to face

2

At times you live in far deep woods
Away from town's big noise
Then you move back on to main street
And bark at dogs and boys

3

You live quite well on nature's fare
Acorns, nuts and berries
Then raid the farmer's best orchard
For apples, pears and cherries

4

Then the farmer's big cornfields
Become your feasting land
You eat your way from row to row
Leave empty stalks to stand

5

Your feats of great agility
Ne'er cease to amaze
You climb and jump from tree to tree
Like in a frenzied craze

6

You know just how to beat the heat
And how to meet the cold
You have an air-cooled summer bed
High up in a tree so bold

7

In wintertime you find a den
In some big hollow tree
You hole up till the storm is gone
On food you stored for free

8

Too bad, squirrel, fried and a stew
Are food that man delights
That puts you in a danger way
From daybreak until night

9

In early fall the bad time comes
Hunting season hits hard
The nimrods charge into your life
You must be on your guard

10

The hunter comes with dog and gun
To get you in the bag
They track you up and shoot you down
Their spirits never lag

11

I have a plan for you for good
To keep you safe and sound
When hunting season comes about
Head for the nearest town

12

You rank high up in happy thoughts
Especially in fall
I love to hear your cheery bark
As you "squack! squack!" your call

TO A JUNE BUG

1

Along about early July
In each and every year
I'd hear a strange buzz in the grass
I knew June bugs were there

2

The kids in my neck of the woods
Had a contest of sorts
The one who caught a June bug first
Could brag in his reports

3

We always knew your favored place
'Neath leaves in the bean patch
We'd crawl along and search the vines
Then there you were to catch

4

Blackberries were your favored food
When they were juicy sweet
Then when I'd reach for big berries
Hands full of bugs I'd reap

5

Far out in the back countryside
New toys and pets were rare
A June bug tied to a small string
Made a good pet to share

6

While out there in the chicken yard
Another drama played
The chickens chased you June bugs too
To eat there in the shade

7

Then as the long summer wore on
It was so sad to see
You June bugs dug into the ground
No more that year we'd see

8

There in the dirt you laid your eggs
Then died and took your place
Up there somewhere in Bug Heaven
Far from the human race

TO A BUTTERFLY

1

Oh! Charming little butterfly
You liven up the land
You sip the blossoms all about
And drink from the wet sand

2

You show in many colors too
And sizes large to small
The Monarch is your best to know
We love to view them all

3

The Swallowtail is known well too
For its beauty and charm
No artist could paint finer art
Than you there on the farm

4

The way you fly so high and far
A miracle to see
You then may come way down to earth
And rest in some small tree

5

You reach your long slim sipping straw
Down into each small flower
You then sip the clear sweet nectar
With patience hour by hour

6

You have a science problem too
Butterfly collectors
They cast their nets through fields and woods
Ne'er your benefactors

7

You lay your eggs to wait the time
When summer comes some more
They then hatch out and populate
The places as before

8

When then the long hot summer days
Start cooling into fall
You start your long flight to the south
It's your migration call

9

You fly till wings and northern winds
Can carry you no more
You then stop and rest in the shade
Of trees near ocean's shore

10

If you butterflies could speak out
I bet you'd wish to say
You love the spring and summer best
To flit around all day

TO A HONEY BEE

1

The worst name I can call you now
You rascal honey bee
I know all your good traits too
But you often stung me

2

I have a memory of you
In my grandpa's back yard
There in your gums you buzzed and hummed
And then caught me off guard

3

I know you had a good excuse
To sting most any time
You were mad because we stole
Your food, sweet honey fine

4

A sweet memory of childhood
Biscuits, butter, honey
My grandma's honey-flavored cakes
Can't beat them with money

5

You worked so hard the summer long
To store your food away
Then in one job at robbing time
We'd steal it in a day

6

I know you did a lot more work
For the farmer also
To pollinate the many pods
To make good seed crops grow

7

You are well known as engineers
To build your honey comb
To store your honey, seal it up
Where'er you make your home

8

You had some real bad enemies
That made your life so blue
There were some worms that cut you up
And some birds ate you too

9

Your winter months were worst of all
You could not fly nor play
You had to stay right in your box
Long hours of night and day

10

I know you had social problems
With queen and drones to keep
So many lazy mouths to feed
Enough to make you weep

11

In early spring you made a move
You put on your big show
You gathered up a new big swarm
And flew out on the go

12

After all the stings and sharp pains
You gave me through the years
Your ledger book is in the black
Good honey for my tears

TO AN EARTHWORM

1

Mr. Earthworm, I know you well
For nearly all my days
I've known you in your daily work
And in most every phase

2

You are called by a few more names
Red worm, fishing worm too
You are even called nightcrawler
'Cause that is what you do

3

Farmers and gardeners like your work
You do good to the soil
You pulverize and mix it up
Crops grow well and don't spoil

4

In springtime when the lakes and streams
Beckon the fishermen
They dig you out of ground and home
For you it's a sad end

5

You even went to college too
In biology lab
You were a wonder to dissect
A topic for confab

6

When spring rains come in big downpours
The water drives you out
I see your tracks across the walks
And see you crawl about

7

The long dry summer months are worst
For you to just survive
You have a very tough old time
To barely stay alive

8

You dig deep in the drying soil
In search of moisture there
Food and water are hard to find
Just about anywhere

9

Birds and chickens in the big yard
Are great trouble to you
Two may both grab you there at once
And pull you right in two

10

So in review we see mankind
Should give much thanks to you
You add a lot of good to life
In all the things you do

TO A TUMBLE BUG

1

You, Tumble Bug, have a strange role
In nature's master plan
In some ways you appear the clown
And then the clean-up man

2

No stock barn yard nor cow pasture
Should be without your deeds
You work all day and all night too
To serve the area's needs

3

At times your work reminds me of
The golfer on the green
You both put a ball in a hole
And keep the putting clean

TO A DOODLE BUG OR ANT LION

1

When we were young 'uns
Down on the farm
We played with some bugs
Meant them no harm

2

Mister Doodle Bug
We knew you well
While we passed the time
On hill and dell

3

When we would stir you
With a small straw
You were the least pet
We mostly saw

4

Your total small size
With tail and all
Just a quarter inch
As I recall

5

"Doodle Bug, Doodle
Are you at home
Your house falling in
Children all gone"

6

That was the strange chant
We said to you
You made no reply
You hid and knew

7

There your wee sand trap
For ants and such
Was not meant to catch
Bigger game much

8

Your best shady place
To build your trap
Was in the loose sand
The old fence gap

9

One mystery remains
Not much known
Where do you winter
With summer gone

10

Doodle Bug or Ant Lion
You made our day
As we romped and played
Time, far away

TO A MILK COW

1

Bossy Cow, you play a big role
In life down on the farm
Farm folk could not well survive
If your life came to harm

2

Your milk supply, butter and cheese
Gave us good food for needs
You ate a lot of grass and hay
And even some big weeds

3

To milk you on a real cold morn
Was not a fun-filled chore
The cold wind whistling down my neck
And shaking the barn door

4

Sometimes you loved to kick and stomp
And even knock the pail
You loaded up with cockleburs
And whammed me with your tail

5

You often thought the grass you saw
Greener beyond the fence
You broke the wire and pushed it down
A worse mess not seen since

6

You ate and stomped my best cornfield
And ate yourself half sick
I drove you back into the barn
And spanked you with a stick

7

At times you raised a lot of Cain
With bellows and some "moos"
You kept the whole household awake
While you would sing your blues

8

You let the world know your disgust
When you had lost your calf
You bawled and lowed and moaned all night
No one could want to laugh

9

You loved to eat and settle down
And chew your cud and sleep
If flies and gnats bugged you a lot
Your big round eyes would weep

10

Your big brown eyes look kind to see
With you content at rest
With ample food and good dry bed
Was you there at your best

11

You had a sharp set of long horns
We shied from them in fear
If you just caught someone off guard
You'd hook them in the rear

12

Dogs and cats were not your pals
You chased them far and wide
If they but dared enter your stall
You endangered their hides

13

Mules and horses gave you some pain
They chased you all in fun
You never liked the speeding game
You didn't like to run

14

Your long-time value to the world
Is uncontested good
We thank you for your long service
And love you as we should

TO MY DOG

1

In all the days of my whole life
You, Dog, have been my friend
You've added joy and great good fun
And happiness no end

2

You and I have hunted for game
In trees, on ground and wing
We didn't always catch it all
But the chase was the big thing

3

We chased the squirrel and rabbit
The possum and the coon
We hunted quail so far afield
And fox by light of moon

4

At times your steady duty call
To not give up the chase
Made the result good table meat
At the old farm home place

5

Your biggest job there on the farm
Was herd cattle and sheep
You drove them where they did not choose
You paid well for your keep

6

You don't require a lot of chow
Just a small pan of food
And just a pat upon your head
When you've been extra good

7

You have a strong protective sense
To guard your house and home
You then will keep strangers at bay
And make their presence known

8

You are real good to hear me out
When I need to complain
You don't talk back, just wag your tail
You listen with no pain

9

When working in far woods and fields
You loved to tag along
You made the jobs go well and fast
Your yelp was like a song

10

I even like to hear you howl
And bark some in the night
It means the world is well and good
A steady trend toward right

11

Your fast frisky antics at play
Are a show to recall
You roll and tumble, run and jump
At shadows or a ball

12

Now thank you for those Doggy years
And good times to the end
I will keep "going to the Dogs"
You must be man's best friend

ASHLEY, A GOOD DOG

1

Ashley was a good Spitz dog
Of no great pedigree
He was just a gentle pet
Living happy and free

2

His greatest joy any day
Was feed time in his pen
He never missed a good meal
Until he reached the end

3

Ashley never begged a lot
His wants were simple, few
Just a pat upon the head
And a kind word would do

4

He liked to take a street stroll
Safe on his leash secure
He accepted his limits
His joy and pleasure pure

5

And he loved a country stroll
In woodland with no rope
He stayed in touch with his boss
He liked to romp and lope

6

He always barked a greeting
When family returned home
He made each glad to be back
His joy was always shown

7

Ashley even made good friends
With Joe Moe our young cat
They overcame their big fears
They gave up their big spat

8

We miss him most when we look
At his house and feed cup
His white coat and his black eyes
Not there to cheer us up

9

He only lived about six years
With us here in this land
If there is a dog's heaven
He'll join the angel band

MY DOG, ROCK
The Best Dog a Boy Could Have, 1921-1934

1

A boy and a dog
Have a special bind
They share a love
Of a different kind

2

They trust each other
Through thick and thin
They face the world
They mean to win

3

Old Rock was a pup
When I was three
We romped and played
All happy and free

4

We learned to hunt
In field and wood
Old Rock could track
If any dog could

5

'Twas the rabbit hunt
That Rock loved best
He'd run all day
With little rest

6

He always knew
There was no doubt
Where the rabbits hid
He'd chase them out

7

He was very sure
What I would do
We'd bring home game
In the pot to stew

8

As the years rolled by
My duties grew
With school and work
Less hunting could do

9

When I couldn't hunt
Rock went alone
He'd often bring
A young bunny home

10

As most all know
The maturity rate
Of dog and man
Don't correlate

11

When man's still young
And short on guile
A dog's mature
And soon senile

12

Old Rock lived long
As dog's lives go
In his last hard years
Nearly blind and slow

13

His ears were deaf
To his master's call
He could hunt no more
He had given his all

14

Old Rock went away
We never knew where
I think it was to Heaven
He deserved to be there

15

And now in thoughts
Of Old Rock, my friend
It makes me sad
To recall the end

16

It's best to recall
Good times we had
A boy and his dog
When happy and glad

TO A CAT

1

Hi there, you pretty kitty cat
You've really been around
You were steady there on the farm
And often, too, in town

2

We had a lot of work for you
Rats and mice and some birds
You caught them up and thinned them down
In no uncertain words

3

You sometimes, too, would catch a snake
Squirrel or rabbit, small
Even a grasshopper at times
Or any bug at all

4

You were seldom in short supply
Your litters came each spring
And summer and fall and winter
More kittens were the thing

5

You and the dogs would often fight
You stood your ground right well
But big coon hounds were much too much
You'd climb a tree and yell

6

Then I would rush to your relief
And drive the dogs away
Then you'd come down on to the ground
To fight another day

7

Your claws and speed were your best bet
To save your hide and live
You ran quite fast and climbed the best
A fast exit you'd give

8

When tom cats fought with more tom cats
The noise would chill my blood
You'd bite and scratch and yowl and scream
As only tom cats could

9

Besides your work to clear the land
Of vermin, rats and such
You were a nice pet round the house
You'd purr and play so much

10

So back to sleep as cats oft do
Now I won't bother more
Thank you for your work and play
Just snooze on as before

TO A MULE

1
As we travel through our long days
We add up debts to pay
I owe you a lot, Mister Mule
Some more than I can say

2
I hitched you to a lot of plows
To grow crops on the farm
You helped put food on our table
To keep us full and warm

3
You pulled the big heavy wagon
To haul wood for the fire
To warm the house and cook the food
You never seemed to tire

4
I rode you to the old grist mill
To fetch the good corn meal
To make our needed daily bread
It was to some big deal

5
I rode you far to school one year
When buses ceased to roll
The depression cut off the funds
We braved the rain and cold

6
I even rode you just for fun
Sometimes all day Sunday
We rode through woods and fields and streams
It was teenager's play

7
You had some habits not so great
To kick and stomp and bite
You never did to me such harm
You behaved about right

8
“Stubborn” was another word
That some put down on you
I seldom saw you act like that
You saw your jobs all through

9
For one long span of history
It was your shining hour
The life of Man and Animal
Rested on your work power

10
Now, thank you, Mister my friend Mule
I owe you for your deeds
You gave the world your heart and soul
You fulfilled many needs

TO A HOG

1
Oh, Mister Hog, down on the farm
I knew you as a pig
I fed you morning, noon and night
To make you fat and big

2
You loved to eat your slop and corn
Or tender grass so green
And if you had a good big lot
You kept your pasture clean

3
In heat of day with summer on
You loved a cool deep bath
Or just a muddy wallow hole
Not too far from your path

4
You were the main source of good meat
Hams, sausage, bacon, lard
To help provide a store of food
We had to work real hard

5
You had a funny habit too
You broke out of the pen
Then after that you broke out fast
So hard to keep back in

6
You loved to be a pet and play
A belly scratch was fun
You'd lay down flat and grunt with joy
Happy pig in the sun

7
Too bad the long summer was gone
Cool weather into fall
That surely meant hog-killing time
In just no time at all

8
You lived a happy good short life
As you grew fat and round
Then to the big old dark smokehouse
Worth dollars to the pound

THE OPOSSUM

<p>1 The possum is a strange critter He has a ratty tail He can climb trees of any size He walks a crooked trail</p> <p>2 The possum likes a varied diet Some meat and fruit and bread He really loves sweet potatoes He always looks well fed</p> <p>3 Young possums spend their early youth There in their mother's pouch It is well stocked with milk spigots And soft bed like a couch</p> <p>4 The possum has a full supply Of teeth in long, strong jaws They look and feel when they bite you Like sharp and ripping saws</p> <p>5 They have a strange neurotic move A nervous system act When danger seems to threaten them They play dead as a sack</p>	<p>6 The possum has four climbing feet His tail is useful too With it he grips and hangs on tight His trapeze tricks to do</p> <p>7 The possum's brain is very small He has a low IQ He behaves most by pure instinct His acts are seldom new</p> <p>8 The possum's coat is streaked and gray It keeps him warm enough Too bad for him his hide is good To make warm coats and muffis</p> <p>9 Possums with all limitations Survive and thrive quite fine In this complicated, fast world Not an endangered kind</p> <p>10 If you and I are smart enough From possums we can learn Adapt our lives to worlds of change Adjust to any turn</p>
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TO A LIGHTNING BUG

1
So in the good old summertime
 When children play at night
You lightning bugs add to good fun
 We chased you for the light

2
We often gathered you in mass
 A bottle full of bright
You made a strange and eerie scene
 A little charming sight

3
Your blinking light we hear also
 Was for to find your mate
We hope it helped to get you home
 Before you were too late

4
As an insect you were no harm
 You did your work O.K.
You helped to pollinate the blooms
 To make good seed and hay

5
Now, friend, Mister Lightning Bug
 We thank you for the time
You were the light of our play night
 From dark to nearly nine

TO A CHIGGER (A Chigger Bug)

1

Hello there! You little bad bug
You must be a mean chigger
I am thankful for one big thing
So glad you're not bigger

2

In terms of my zoology
You are a mite, spider
And thankful, too, that you are small
And not a mite wider

3

In the middle of summertime
In the best of weather
You come along and bite us all
By ones or all together

4

Your favored place to hide and lurk
Is on the old dead logs
Then when I stop to rest thereon
You bite, I scratch like dogs

5

You have a habit known to all
You bite in strange places
You dig right in most tender skin
In my private places

6

I know you by your common name: Red Bug
Is barely a true fact
You get redder with my red blood
From my front or my back

7

I have one trick I play on you
When I locate your bite
I dab you with some nail polish
And seal your doom real tight

8

I have one big question for you
When I am in a crowd
Why do you bite and make me scratch
And even squeal out loud?

9

As I grow old and slow me down
I'll walk less in your space
I'll stay at home where you don't roam
A summertime of grace

TO A GRASSHOPPER

1

Mister Grasshopper, you are strange
As common insects go
You come in such all-varied kinds
Of colors that I know

2

You come up green to match the grass
On which you feed and show
You show up brown in fields and trails
To match the soil just so

3

I see you as near solid black
With some red spots of trim
Then I see you as frosty gray
As o'er the trees you skim

4

Sometimes you only jump about
In quite a clumsy hop
At other times you take to wings
Fly far before you stop

5

Your reputation is not good
You ruin crops and destroy
You sometimes eat up whole big fields
Then hop away with joy

6

Then the farmer brings out the spray
And fumes the atmosphere
He spurts and dusts you and your food
And hits you front and rear

7

I hear tell that in foreign lands
Some people eat you too
Pickle and sweeten up your hide
That's not for me to do

8

In story books they tell of you
You eat and play all day
While ants and bees labor and store
You hop your life away

9

Then when the winter cold winds blow
You have no food nor home
You freeze and die there on the ground
No more to play and roam

10

We know you store away some eggs
That hatch when summer's near
You eat and play all day again
With no sure sign of fear

11

You are a favorite food for birds
They raid your habitat
They peck you down and chew you up
You're gone and that is that

12

The jury is undecided
On good or bad you do
We only know the world would be
Different without you

TO A CRICKET

1
You, Mister Little Black Cricket
Have been my lifelong friend
Since the days of my early youth
You set a lively trend

2
I first remember you at night
Your singing on the hearth
Near where I slept in the dark room
In the home of my birth

3
Your cheery chirp and steady song
Was comfort there to me
I knew that you felt safe and sound
And I would also be

4
In the garden I saw you jump
From hiding place at night
You toured the land in record time
By hops in airborne flight

5
I like your shiny black coat too
You look so clean and slick
Your main antenna smooth and straight
To guide you hopping-quick

6
You even serve as weather gauge
When temperatures go down
You slow your chirps to match the change
As noted by your sound

7
A source of trouble, enemies
Are fishermen in search
For good bait to bait the hook
That leaves you in the lurch

8
In later years when I would hunt
In dark deep woods at dawn
Waiting 'neath a big hickory tree
Before the sun has shown

9
I'd hear you chirp beneath the log
On which I sat real still
Waiting for Mister Bushy Tail
Come jumping o'er the hill

10
Now please keep up the merry chirps
To add your bit of joy
To a sometimes dreary quiet world
Cheer some small country boy

TO A MOSQUITO

1
Mister Mosquito, you win the prize
As pesky number one
You sing and bite all day and night
You mean son-of-gun

2
There are about two thousand known
Of your mosquito kind
And just about every year
Even more kinds we find

3
Your habitat is far and wide
From poles to equator
Wherever warm weather is in
That's where you make your score

4
You spread a lot of bad disease
Bad fevers most of all
Dengue, yellow, malaria
Are easy to recall

5
You even carry bad heartworms
To dogs of any size
That is often a fatal ill
So sad to realize

6
You are a deadly enemy
Make man and beast so sick
There's encephalomyelitis
It kills horses real quick

7
To people in the tropic lands
You give filariasis
It's also called another name
Elephantiasis

8
That bad disease for anyone
Called by either big name
Is often death before much time
The bad results the same

9
We've killed some millions of your kind
And still you come on strong
We drain the swamps and spray the ponds
You're back again 'fore long

10
The only place to miss your bite
Is in dry desert land
Or follow cold across the globe
Where you can't take a stand

TO A HOPPY FLEA

1

Now, Mister Flea, you are a problem
To me, my dogs and cats
You bite, we scratch and whine and cry
You also bite the rats

2

You like to hop a long, long jump
From ground to any host
You land right on your dinner
And terrify the most

3

You even have been found at fault
And carry some disease
Such as the old Bubonic Plague
From way across the seas

4

You respect few mammals or birds
You suck the blood of all
You even eat me and my kind
I am your port-of-call

5

I often make a move on you
With powder, soap and spray
I get you gone for a short time
Come back another day

6

I know you are God's creature so
As such to be loved too
Your chewing, sucking way of life
Sure makes that hard to do

7

Now, Flea, old boy, I give you words
Of mighty good advice
Now go, please don't bite me nor mine
Or I'll put you on ice

8

So, Mister Flea, please stay away
I hope that you be gone
The bestest flea that I can know
Is a flea who has flown

TO A TICK

1

Of all God's creatures great and small
You are the little kind
But can wreak big havoc too
Most in the summertime

2

Sometimes we think you as a tick
Are just a plain insect
But then we count you have eight legs
When we fully inspect

3

That makes you kin to all spiders
Arachnids are your class
Like chiggers and daddy longlegs
A hiding in the grass

4

You crawl upon a dog or cat
Or hang to any host
You even climb on great big cows
Then bite and dig in most

5

You cause at least one real bad ill
Spotted fever severe
Out in the field we must look out
You put us in big fear

6

Then when you bite both man and beast
You make an ugly sore
You fill so full and then drop off
Lay eggs and sleep some moe

7

You are a real big problem too
To cattle in the West
You bring on bad Texas fever
As bad as all the rest

8

To curb your scourge and stop the dread
We rub and dip and spray
We drive the cattle through big vats
Get rid of you that way

9

Now that you complicate our lives
We learn to deal with you
We stay alert and move you out
Reduce the harm you do

TO A HOUSE FLY

1

Mister House Fly, you have been
There on my food platter
In my ointment pestering me
It's no laughing matter

2

You have been one to much despise
In my soup you alight
You even enter my bedroom
You buzz all day and night

3

You make an irritating din
You raid me in my sleep
You fly and whine around my ears
Enough to make one weep

4

Old flypaper, swatters and screens
You just evade at will
You crash parties and all picnics
You really are a pill

5

You bother cows and all livestock
You bite and irritate
Add a misery to their life
From spring to summer late

6

You are known as a bad one too
Carry germs and disease
Your dirty feet and hairy legs
Give one no joy and ease

7

You may have one redeeming grace
Clean up dead meat and waste
You barely give me enough time
To cure my meat in haste

8

The best time of the year for me
Is winter cold as stone
You flies are gone to some warm land
And so let me alone

9

But when springtime returns again
You come buzzing in swarms
You swish right through windows and doors
"En masse" as weather warms

TO MISTER BOLL WEEVIL

1
In cotton land where I was born
You were a native too
You, Boll Weevil, you made your mark
You were our crop's taboo

2
In early spring we turned the soil
To make a fine seed bed
We drove the mules and drove ourselves
Till we were tired, near dead

3
The sun was hot, the ground was hard
The weeds and rocks were tough
We plowed and hoed till all was right
Preparations enough

4
We then put down a lot of stuff
Good plant food by the ton
Then cotton seed close in the rows
To sprout there in the sun

5
Then with the rain and warm sunshine
The plants came up just right
Thick in the rows from end to end
To grow both day and night

6
We then would chop and thin and hoe
And plow the cotton rows
To space the plants to grow the best
And kill grass with our hoes

7
The cotton grew and filled the land
A solid field of green
Prettiest big long cotton fields
The best I'd ever seen

8
About July the blossoms came
First white, then pink, then red
The cotton fields looked like a dream
A super-big flower bed

9
As each bloom dried and fell away
It left a small boll there
To grow to be a soft white fluff
As soft as angel's hair

10
Then you, Mister Big Boll Weevil
Came whizzing into sight
You were always ready to dine
And eat with all your might

11
As insects go you are the type
That sucks juice for your chow
You never chew, just sip and sip
To fill you to your brow

12
Young cotton bolls are your main food
You hit them night and day
Each one you hit dried up and fell
Right on the ground to stay

13
Now we had poured our sweat and blood
And cash loans from the bank
Into that cotton crop so fine
Now our big plans you sank

14
You there killed off all the young bolls
None were left to mature
The fields were green but bore no fruit
You were hard to endure

15
We tried to spray and poison you
You gave small heed to that
You moved right in and ruined the crops
Just as quick as a "scat"

16
As years went by we slowly learned
To change our farming plans
To grow some other kinds of crops
There on our farming land

17
Peanuts and beans and much livestock
Poultry and fruit and hay
Tree crops and condominiums
We found a better way

18
We still look back with joy and pain
To honor Cotton King
We still think of those cotton years
You, Weevils, were the thing

THE KATYDID

1
Mister Katydid did what he meant to do
He calls his mate the whole night through
2
He first comes in July with his “quacky” sound
In trees and bushes all around
3
And as folk weather signs people may depend
His first song predicts summer’s end
4
Maybe three months later to the exact day
Will come the first frost, cold and gray
5
Some birds sometimes like to eat Katydids too
When food is scarce, Katydids will do
6
To me the Katydid is just nice to hear
Nature’s night music in my ear

THE MULE

1
The mule has been the brunt of jokes
An ugly brute they say
But it kept right on working hard
Not much respect its pay
2
The horse, the dog, the cow, the cat
All got high praise each day
But seldom praise for lowly mules
All it got was some hay
3
The mule deserves a better life
Its lot was work, more work
Vacations and play, not its way
It never got to shirk
4
In rain and snow, heat and blow
The mule must work all day
It seldom gets a coffee break
Right on the job must stay
5
All the animals that don’t work
All mule critics and fools
Would surely have starved long ago
Without the work of mules

KITTY MOE

1

We took a ride in the country
As we were prone to do
And there beside the road we found
Some kittens, just a few

2

We stopped to see if we could help
They scattered far and wide
They scampered out into the woods
Some up a tree to hide

3

But we caught one not quite so wild
And brought him home to tame
Within a day we gained his trust
Kitty Moe became his name

4

Moe was a good gray brindle cat
With no fine pedigree
American Domestic type
As sharp as he could be

5

Kitty Moe was a born mouser
When he was just half grown
Garden varmints were kept in check
He learned it on his own

6

Moe always loved his family
He did what he was told
He came when called from far away
In summer and in cold

7

He loved to stroll on the house top
When we worked on the roof
He nearly rubbed me overboard
Chummy, never aloof

8

One day Moe made a big mistake
It was not a good trend
He crawled into a car engine
The start near was his end

9

Moe loved to eat most people food
Spaghetti and fresh corn
He ate it well right off the cob
At supper, noon or morn

10

Moe had a very high IQ
And a sensitive nose
But never ceased to try to catch
A sliding rubber hose

11

Moe was big, strong and plenty tough
He never lost a fight
Too noble to first instigate
But took his part all right

12

Moe lived with us for nine good years
His nine lives still intact
Till blinded by bright lights one night
And by a car got whacked

13

We tenderly brought Moe back home
For that one final time
We buried him in his garden
Where he had loved to dine

14

Now years have passed since Moe was here
But we remember well
He was such a fine noble pet
His stories we still tell

BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF

1

He was just a little farm lad
Till he was age eighteen
Then off to college and the world
To see what could be seen

2

In Green Briar Elementary
He made his teaching start
He was teacher and principal
And janitor in part

3

He was in the great big Navy
Yonder in the Big War
On land and on deep water
He traveled wide and far

4

Graduate school was his next stop
When the Big War was o'er
The G.I. Bill was his support
For education, more

5

He professed to be a professor
To teach a lot of courses
To do some useful research too
From a lot of sources

6

It was King College of Bristol
In Eastern Tennessee
Where he started college teaching
'Twas a nice place to be

7

He taught his many students too
He tried to reach them all
They learned a lot of something good
In winter, spring and fall

8

It was at Austin Peay State
The first year forty-nine
That he taught for many a year
Improve the student mind

9

He taught a lot of history
That was his major field
And sometimes political science
Include the big New Deal

10

He taught some sociology
And some economics
And then some education
But no electronics

11

To garden was his best hobby
From potatoes to beans
He grew a lot of tomatoes
And some fine turnip greens

12

Now he has reached retirement age
Time to stop and change gear
He'll put away those test papers
And recreate all year

PAM AND HER CHARIOT

1

I heard a noise outside my door
A plane or missile, Sam?
It moved at near the speed of light
Could be it's Super Pam

2

Super Pam in her chariot
Climbs to the highest floor
If the elevator works right
Just don't jam up the door

3

Pam likes to do her college work
To study day and night
She wants to learn what is to know
To do the job just right

4

Super Pam wears a great big smile
For anybody near
She likes to eat and read a book
Some tests give her a fear

5

She smokes the longest cigarettes
And plans some day for quits
Before they bite her lungs and tongue
And give nicotine fits

6

Super Pam got quite a slam
With her car in a wreck
She bravely faced the world again
Optimism by the peck

7

Pretty Pam says she's overweight
And soon plans for a diet
To make her clothes fit better then
And blue jeans not so tight

8

Super Pam has a cheery word
For old friends and the new
She radiates the human touch
Just all the whole day through

9

Next time I hear a jet stream sound
Somewhere outside my door
I'll know it's just Pam's chariot
Speed pedal on the floor

OCTOBER

1

There is something in October
And it makes the spirit rise
'Tis the still warm noonday sunshine
And those big bright true-blue skies

2

My October is the season
For tree leaves that change to bright
Shades of red and gold and purple
As they shimmer in the light

3

The October fishing waters
Become cooler day and night
Fishermen know it's the season
Fish are jumping up to bite

4

Big jet airplanes in the skyways
In October weather fair
Make a pattern, trails of vapor
That long linger in the air

5

Summer flowers make one last show
With big October blossoms
Sweet persimmons plump and golden
A feast for big fat possums

6

In October apples ripen
All smooth and red and yellow
On the tree and on the ground
All sweet and tasty mellow

7

Little birds in woods and fields
Sing their last October song
As farewell to long, hot summer
Just before the winter long

8

It's a sight well worth the seeing
Those long corn ears in the field
In October's fall time harvest
The big bumper crop the yield

9

That new-mown October hay crop
It takes on a special hue
Sweet aroma all the day long
Even after morning dew

10

Those colored flitting butterflies
They migrate in fine weather
In October warm bright sunlight
Fly in droves south together

11

October brings one more good thing
That we're glad to see each year
No more daylight saving time
Now until next spring is here

12

Then Jack Frost of late October
Ends the bad pollen season
Red allergic eyes and noses
Feel better for good reason

13

October gives us Halloween
With spooks, hobgoblins, chills
With dances, parties, trick-or-treat
And lots of joy and thrills

14

What does October do for me?
How does it enhance my soul?
It builds my strength of heart and will
Better face Old Winter's cold

NOVEMBER

1

November is a mixed-bag month
With some good and some bad
To see Good Old October die
Makes me feel oh so sad

2

November brings one super time
Good Old Thanksgiving Day
When friends and kin meet and give thanks
Diet plans go astray

3

November eleventh is set
As Veteran's Day now
It was Armistice Day of old
Remember anyhow

4

November brings Election Day
Hooray! We're glad it's o'er
Campaigning can stop for awhile
The losers may feel poor

5

For many school football schedules
November ends the play
The players have some months to go
Heal aches and pains away

6

November brings the frost and snow
And cold wind to the nose
We bring our woolies out to wear
We show in warmer clothes

7

The long happy Christmas parade
Is a great big event
It starts the big shopping season
Go spend your last red cent

8

The cold November ice and wind
Makes leaves die and down fall
The falling leaves may make us sad
But raking worst of all

9

November means it's time to pay
For bigger heating bills
For wood or gas, electric power
They all are bitter pills

10

Down on the farm we cut firewood
It made us feel warm twice
The cutting work was a hot job
The warm fire, oh so nice

11

November brings new TV shows
Some bad ones lose their rate
Replaced by some about as bad
To run till later date

12

November has one vital role
No month can take its place
It gets us to December time
To keep up the rate race

DECEMBER

1

December is a colder month
With colder deeper snow
More freezing rain and colder wind
Old cars and trucks won't go

2

For holidays December month
Is well-endowed, plenty
There's Christmas Eve and Christmas Day
And New Year's Eve to see

3

Some football bowls and basketball
Fill up the sports page scene
The bowling games and hockey fights
Appear on TV screens

4

We see a lot of Santa Claus
In almost any store
Salvation Army pots and bells
Pitch in one dollar more

5

The seventh day of December
Gives us a need to pause
And remember that Pearl Harbor
A long ago big cause

6

In many schools and colleges
December brings the end
To many hard study courses
Final exams the trend

7

December is the major place
For Christmas shopping time
The shopping budget all used up
Down to that last thin dime

8

December has a full display
Of decoration lights
And pretty-colored sights and scenes
Especially at nights

9

The nice and cozy Christmas cards
Come greeting us each year
It helps us dream of Christmas past
Remember old friends, dear

10

Now December may be some drag
On which we can complain
But when we add the whole month up
Far more pleasure than pain

11

It is a good time to look back
To see our rights and wrongs
And try to make a good New Year
And sing more happy songs

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLAE - 480 BC

1

Way back in old Greek history
We have a big event
The Battle of Thermopylae
A lot of lives were spent

2

The year was 480 B.C.
The Persian Wars were on
Xerxes was invading Greece
The Greeks fought for their home

3

Thermopylae, a narrow pass
Between the South and North
Connects the two main Greek regions
The volunteers came forth

4

The Greek force at Thermopylae
Was just three-hundred strong
They were Spartan fighters so brave
The fight was hard and long

5

Leonidas, the Spartan king
Was there in Greek command
They stood and fought the Persian horde
They fought them to a stand

6

The Persian king, Xerxes
Had a great fighting band
One hundred-eighty-thousand strong
To raid the Greek homeland

7

The Persian force made the attack
In the long, narrow pass
For two hard days the Greeks held on
Their fate was sealed, Alas!

8

The narrow pass fifty feet wide
Reduced the fighting space
The Persian horde could only use
A few men in that place

9

The Greeks had one more advantage
They fought with longer spears
They could reach out and kill the foe
Gave Persians plenty fears

10

Another tactic used by Greeks
Make a move like to flee
Then quickly turn and face the foe
And mow them down for free

11

The Battle of Thermopylae
Raged hot for long hard days
A traitor Greek showed Xerxes
Access by other ways

12

The Persian troops poured into Greece
And overran the land
Leonidas and his brave men
Fell and died at their stand

13

There was then a new turn event
In fortunes of the war
The Persians lost the naval scrap
The Greeks won it by far

14

The battle loss, Thermopylae
Was not for all in vain
It gave the Greek fleet time to win
Remove the Persian stain

15

Without their fleet the Persians knew
They could not hold their spoil
They hastened to retreat and leave
And depart from Greek soil

16

This battle was a classic case
The loss was a sad fate
They lost the pass but won the war
And saved the Greek fair state

17

Leonidas there gained a place
In annals of all time
As patriot and great soldier
In story and in rhyme

18

Now forever since that event
At old Thermopylae
It set the mark for warring men
For duty, bravery

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC - 1759

1

'Twas the French and Indian War
Empire was there at stake
England and France the mighty powers
A long hard war to make

2

The war was part of world conflict
As the Seven Years War
Fought in continents of the world
Battles spread wide and far

3

The French had Indian allies
In numbers great and wild
The British had strong colonies
Homesteads peaceful and mild

4

French Quebec on the St. Lawrence
Three hundred miles from sea
Was a strong fort, hard to attack
High land, security

5

The fort was manned by varied troops
Seven thousand, number
Commanded by Marquis Montcalm
Cannon roared like thunder

6

The Quebec Fort on that high bluff
Was strong and in control
Of the big river route and trade
They felt all safe and bold

7

The British had some big war plans
Attack the Quebec Fort
Invade the French in their stronghold
And make a good report

8

Seventeen fifty-nine the time
In July of that year
The British troops moved to attack
Determined, little fear

9

The British force was not so great
Thirty-six hundred, all
They were well-trained hard-seasoned men
All ready for the call

10

The Major General James Wolfe
Thirty and three years old
Was in command and highly praised
Brave, strong, devoted and bold

11

From British ships they bombed the French
In the big strong stone fort
The French held fast with little care
With low damage report

12

Then General Wolfe led a move
To get up to the top
Of that big bluff and to the fort
His troops there would not stop

13

The date was September thirteen
Seventeen fifty-nine
A great day to remember well
In warfare of that time

14

They found a little creek and cove
That made indirect route
For British troops to scale the heights
For the battle shoot-out

15

So in the morning bright and clear
On the Abraham Plains
There in front of the Quebec Fort
The British troops with war aims

16

The battle raged all through the day
Each troop held hard and fast
The British smaller army force
Came to fight to the last

17

General Wolfe gave one order
To all shoot at one time
A big perfect volley of fire
To maim the French front line

18

The French troops fell and wavered back
Their lines gave way and broke
The British won the battle there
In the big fire and smoke

19

General Wolfe died in that fight
He gave his life to win
He had chest wounds and plenty more
He could not fight again

20

His last-breath words before he died
To his troops he did say:
"Don't let the French retreat and go
To fight again some day"

French Commander Marquis Montcalm
He also died next day
Both armies lost good fighting men
In that one battle fray

The French surrendered Fort Quebec
Then lost more battle fights
The French and Indian war wound down
British victory, their rights

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL - 1775

(Fought on Breed's Hill)

1	11
American Revolution	The General Sir William Howe
Soon after Concord raid	There was put in command
The decision to revolt	Twenty-two hundred British troops
Had not been fully made	To take the hill by land
2	12
The British meant to stop the move	The Militia Patriot force
To back the Patriots down	Was just twelve-hundred strong
To occupy most of Boston	They shot real well and made it count
Control country and town	They held fast all day long
3	13
The British made proclamation	Brave Colonel William Prescott
Declaring martial law	Was acting in command
It offered pardon to rebels	Of the Patriot Militia
Lay down your guns in awe	A rag-tag fighting band
4	14
The Patriots had other plans	The battle raged most all day long
To build a strong redoubt	Neither could claim big gain
To hold Charlestown and save their land	Militia out of shot and shell
And drive the British out	That put them in more strain
5	15
The Bunker Hill on higher ground	The Patriots gave up the Hill
Was chosen for the place	And made a fast retreat
To build a good strong barricade	The British took the battle ground
Meet British face to face	But winning not so sweet
6	16
General Putnam in command	It was a Pyrrhic victory
To build the little fort	They won at awful cost
He chose instead the Breed's Hill top	Two hundred twenty-six were dead
Though harder to support	Eight hundred wounded, lost
7	17
Now all the history "profs" must say	Patriot losses heavy too
To make the record clear	One hundred forty died
"The Battle of Old Bunker Hill	And twice that number wounded there
Fought on Breed's Hill, Oh Dear"	Their hearts and souls were tried
8	18
Sunup on June's seventh day	The Battle for Old Charlestown land
Seventy-five the year	Fought there on that Breed's Hill
The British warships opened fire	Brought change of plans in both commands
The redoubt had no fear	Long battles pending still
9	19
The range was much too far to count	The British learned a lesson well
For the British ship gun	That Patriots would fight
The Patriots flinched from the roar	They called for great numbers of troops
The big noise was no fun	To crush the Rebel might
10	20
The British warships' guns were turned	That battle gave the Patriot cause
And shot into the town	A wider, stronger base
A lot of Charlestown was torn up	The Continental Congress soon
They tried to burn it down	Increased the war plans base

THE BATTLE OF KINGS MOUNTAIN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION - 1780

1
Kings Mountain in Carolina
Seventeen eighty, year
The seventh of October, month
A battle was fought there

2
The British force nine-hundred strong
Loyalist for the King
Their object was to subjugate
Conquer there was their thing

3
Nine hundred forty was the roll
The Patriotic band
They came to drive the Tories out
Of their mountain homeland

4
This Major Patrick Ferguson
A leader of some fame
Was in command of British troops
Some honor to his name

5
The Patriot backwoods fighting force
William Campbell, command
Had troops and leaders from five states
Rawboned, tough to a man

6
The British Tory army force
Was camped on highest ground
There on Kings Mountain's highest ridge
So they could see all round

7
That pleased the frontier fighters fine
With Tories in plain sight
They formed a circle round the ridge
Made ready for the fight

8
At three o'clock in afternoon
The battle noise began
The backwoods men started to move
Their long rifles in hand

9
Their deadly rifle fire and yells
Brought down the Tory horde
Whose musket fire and bayonets
Seldom made hits nor scored

10
When Tories charged frontiersmen ran
But just a little way
To load again and shoot and yell
And climb back up to stay

11
Then other backwoods fighters too
Attacked the Tory crowd
From the other side of the ridge
With guns and yells so loud

12
The frontier riflemen were skilled
They seldom missed a shot
Tory muskets seldom hit true
They shot too high a lot

13
The battle raged for one long hour
All up and down the slopes
The Tory men died on the ground
They failed in all their hopes

14
One Tory saw their hopeless plight
Raised a white flag to cease
Major Ferguson cut it down
Not yet to sue for peace

15
Ferguson lead a breakthrough try
With a few volunteers
He and every man who charged
Were shot dead with no cheers

16
The Tories raised some more white flags
Backwoodsmen gave no mind
They spoke of the Waxhaws Battle
Where Tories killed in kind

17
The battle finally wound down
Shooting came to a halt
When Patriots chose to kill no more
There on the mountain top

18
The British losses were the most
One hundred nineteen killed
One hundred twenty-three wounded
A lot of blood was spilled

19
The backwoodsmen had losses too
Twenty-eight were there dead
Sixty-two were badly wounded
Their epitaph was read

20
Six hundred sixty-four Tories
Were taken prisoner too
Many wounded were left to die
There on the mountain blue

This Kings Mountain great victory
Had a long-range effect
Carolina Tory action ceased
Their British support wrecked

In this Kings Mountain British loss
Their battle plans were beat
It even helped to set the stage
For their Yorktown defeat

THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN - 1781

1
American Revolution
Had been on six long years
The fighting men were all worn out
Their kin shed many tears

2
The British hoped to win the war
By making one big hit
And occupy part of a state
Then Patriots would quit

3
The big debate where to attack
In North or South or where?
Virginia, New York, neither
Decision was not clear

4
Lord Cornwallis, British command
Of troops, Chesapeake Bay
Determined to build a strong base
Make Virginia pay

5
Cornwallis with eight thousand men
Moved to the Yorktown place
Peninsula could be a trap
Or be a good safe base

6
He would expect the British fleet
If conditions decreed
To bring more men and more supplies
Or rescue if in need

7
The Patriot troops were there too
To give Cornwallis pain
To try to bottle up his force
To put him in a strain

8
Lafayette was there with his troops
Of just twelve hundred men
They had observed the British moves
Too weak to fight and win

9
“Mad” Anthony Wayne and his men
Eight hundred fighting kind
Joined in to hold British at bay
Maybe a victory find

10
Then Rochambeau and Washington
Brought troops down from the North
That added seven thousand more
Big fighting force came forth

11
Then the French Admiral de Grasse
With twenty-eight big ships
Came into the Chesapeake Bay
Fighting words on his lips

12
Then the British Admiral Graves
With a nineteen-ship fleet
His group too small for much success
Not able to compete

13
There was a small naval skirmish
Between the fleets of war
The big French fleet won out with ease
The British lost by far

14
The British General Clinton
With seven thousand bold
Came down from New York on transports
The French fleet stopped them cold

15
Now the battle lines were all set
The siege began its force
Cornwallis was in one big trap
No help from any source

16
Americans and French combined
Were sixteen-thousand strong
Cornwallis with eight thousand men
He could not last for long

17
Then the Allied artillery
Bombarded British line
British out of ammunition
Could not reply in kind

18
The Allied force cut off all chance
For retreat, land or sea
The only option for British
Surrender, the decree

19
The date was October nineteen
Seventeen eighty-one
Cornwallis surrendered his force
Their fighting time was done

20
The British troops filed out between
French and Patriot bounds
Gave up their guns and their band played
“The World Turned Upside Down”

21

British defeat at Old Yorktown
Gave them cause to conclude
Futility of more struggle
Time for peace interlude

22

Still there were some more skirmishes
In South and in the West
For all intents and purposes
The long war came to rest

23

The best result at Old Yorktown
The end of war event
It might be called a divine act
It seemed to be God sent

24

The Peace Commissioners in France
Worked out a treaty fair
In seventeen and eighty-three
“World Peace”, they did declare

THE BATTLE OF HORSESHOE BEND - 1814

- 1
The year was eighteen and fourteen
March twenty-seven the date
The War of 1812 was on
To decide the nation's fate
- 2
The big war and Indian wars
Had blended into one
Since tribes of Creek Indians
Had joined the British gun
- 3
The battle site was Horseshoe Bend
Tallapoosa, the river
The Creeks had British knives and guns
And arrows in the quiver
- 4
The Creek tribe barricades were tough
Built of dirt and rock and tree
Their big canoes were moored near by
In case of a need to flee
- 5
The Creeks had built their fighting force
To one-thousand-warriors strong
They meant to drive the soldiers out
To right what they saw as wrong
- 6
Andrew Jackson comes on the scene
His Army two-thousand strong
Fourteen hundred fighting Whites
With six hundred Braves along
- 7
These friendly Indian fighters
Were Cherokee and some Creek
Chickasaws and Choctaws too
Ready all havoc to wreak
- 8
The Indians and White troops too
Had made atrocity claims
They probably were all too true
That added more stress and strains
- 9
The Fort Mims Massacre well known
Two hundred fifty Whites died
It set the stage for the big fight
"Exterminate Creeks", they cried
- 10
The White troops and Indian braves
Had plenty motivation
Each was rearing-ready to fight
For strong retaliation
- 11
General Jackson's health was poor
His sick body wracked with pain
Could barely stand or ride his horse
But ready to fight again
- 12
Before the fiery battle raged
The Creeks had one more good chance
To surrender and save their lives
They replied with guns and lance
- 13
The Cherokees of Jackson's force
Crossed the river and deployed
Behind the Creeks in a good range
And the Creeks' canoes destroyed
- 14
The Creeks were now fully fenced in
Their last escape route was lost
They could only fight or give up
Their choice for death was the cost
- 15
Jackson once again hailed the Creeks
"Surrender or lose your lives"
Once more the Creeks disdained his call
With more yells and guns and knives
- 16
The Jackson force resumed the fight
Cannon, bayonet and gun
The Indian breastworks was tough
But slowly the day was won
- 17
The Creeks fought hard and asked no halt
For long hours they still held fast
Cannon and bayonet too much
They fought and died to the last
- 18
Eight hundred Creek warriors were killed
There in the big river's bend
About two hundred stole away
But their war was at an end
- 19
The Jackson force had some loss too
Thirty-two good soldiers died
Ninety-nine men were there wounded
As their hero deeds were read
- 20
The big Creek fort at Horseshoe Bend
And Tohopeka their town
Were destroyed and turned into ash
And all burned right to the ground

21

The Creek Nation's war powers were gone
Jackson dictated the peace
The Creeks signed the Treaty of Fort Jackson
That Indian war must cease

22

In That Treaty of Fort Jackson
The Creeks gave up their homeland
On August ninth, eighteen fourteen
General Jackson's demand

23

That Horseshoe Bend Battle event
Had long-range results too
The British lost more Southern power
Their battle plans all askew

24

That battle also gave a boost
To Jackson's national fame
It moved him one more giant step
Toward a good White House claim

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO - 1836

1
It was way down there in Texas
In eighteen thirty-six
Santa Anna and his Army
Had Texans in a fix

2
The Texas colonists had lost
To Santa Anna's men
At San Patricio real bad
But pledged to fight again

3
The Mexicans had defeated
Texans at Alamo
And at Agua Dulce battle
And Goliad also

4
Then one week after Alamo
Refugio was lost
Independence for Texas now
Was bearing deadly cost

5
The Republic of Big Texas
Was down to one small force
An Army of four hundred men
Their future, bad to worse

6
Sam Houston was in the command
Of this last little band
Of this rag-tag, bob-tailed wild lot
But fighters to a man

7
Santa Anna made one mistake
He split his troops in two
He divided his big army
All Texans to pursue

8
Now Sam Houston bided his time
And gathered some more might
He now was seven-hundred strong
Not ready yet to fight

9
Then Santa Anna got a break
He got more Army too
Five hundred more new troops arrived
This, too, the Texans knew

10
Now Santa Anna's well-trained force
Was fifteen-hundred strong
Sam Houston's army half so big
Had waited hard and long

11
Then time for action had arrived
Sam gave the battle cry
"Now Remember the Alamo"
To fight to win or die

12
At San Jacinto Battleground
The bloody battle roared
Mexicans lost six hundred dead
Texas victory scored

13
Two hundred more Mexican troops
Were wounded in the fight
Five hundred more were there captured
Few escaped in the night

14
Eighteen minutes of battle time
Was all the time to fight
To gain Texas independence
To change some wrongs to right

15
Texas losses when added up
Just two men there had died
Thirty-seven were there wounded
In the whole battle wide

16
The great result for Texas good
Was a treaty of peace
Their War for Independence
Was won and now could cease

THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA - 1847

1

The U.S. War with Mexico
Was about ten months old
In battles in North Mexico
Each army very bold

2

The U.S. forces had success
In taking Monterrey
But greater battles soon would come
More fighting on the way

3

The Old General Zac Taylor
Was there in high command
Of troops in Northern Mexico
To fight and conquer land

4

Big decisions in Washington
Reduced Zac Taylor's band
From some more than ten thousand men
To just a small command

5

That left his total army troop
At less than five thousand
To fight the Mexican army
And hold the conquered land

6

Zac Taylor's force had limits too
On training for the war
They nearly all were volunteers
Experience below par

7

Santa Anna had a big force
Of twenty thousand men
Away far south in Mexico
Not soon to fight again

8

Then word came up from way down south
That Santa Anna's force
Was coming north to hit the Yanks
And make their life much worse

9

Zac Taylor and his leadership
Conferred and made a plan
To fall back north from Monterrey
And take a better stand

10

The best stop they could find to make
A good defensive place
At the pass of Angostura
Meet the foe face to face

11

This Angostura Pass locale
Had far better terrain
Where the valley was not so wide
Better control, maintain

12

That pass was also near the place
That gave the battle name
Buena Vista Hacienda
The war brought it the fame

13

Zac Taylor and his small army
Positioned on the hills
Big guns and ready soldiers
Good fighters with strong wills

14

Santa Anna with his big force
Moved up the valley too
To attack Zac Taylor's command
And beat them black and blue

15

Santa Anna deployed his troops
To what he thought was right
To surround, capture Taylor's force
War prisoners don't fight

16

Santa Anna made his demand
To Taylor to give up
Taylor promptly gave his reply
To decline such a cup

17

Santa Anna's great big army
Attacked the smaller band
Zac Taylor's men fought back fiercely
Bravely they held their stand

18

The battle raged all the day long
And far into the night
Americans readied for more
The next at daylight

19

Then when the new day dawned in light
The Mexicans had gone
They retreated back to the south
Not ready to fight on

20

That February twenty-third
Was the big battle day
Eighteen forty-seven the year
Victory was the pay

21

Five hundred ninety-four were killed
Of Santa Anna's men
Twenty-nine hundred more were lost
Not to fight soon again

22

About two hundred sixty-nine
Americans died there
Three hundred ninety more were lost
Wounded, needing more care

23

One short-range noteworthy result
Of Buena Vista fight
Old Rough and Ready Zac Taylor
A hero in his right

24

Battles wore on for some months
The Yanks won more by far
Mexico City gave up too
A treaty stopped the war

THE BATTLE OF FORT SUMTER - 1861

1
The eighteen-sixty election
Brought changes to the land
Some states made their secession moves
To make their State's Rights stand

2
A big issue was Fort Sumter
In this seceded land
The North refused to give it up
Refused the South's demand

3
The South and North each had a cause
Let the battle go forth
The South attack upon the fort
Would unify the North

4
The South, too, had a cause to shoot
It could not tolerate
A Northern fort upon its soil
Not more equivocate

5
This Battle of Fort Sumter
The Civil War's first start
That strife began long time before
In man's mind and sad heart

6
There Major Robert Anderson
In command of the fort
With one hundred twenty-eight men
No chance for soon support

7
P.G.T. Beauregard, well-known
General there in charge
Of Southern forces in the fight
His army was not large

8
This Sumter fray was one strange fight
With no real doubt at all
Before a single shot was fired
All knew the fort would fall

9
South had forty-seven big guns
Big cannon, big fire power
The fort could fire with its few guns
Less vigor hour by hour

10
For days before the shooting start
Effort to make a truce
But North and South each made demands
That neither could produce

11
Give up the fort or be reduced
To rubble at the last
The North would not evacuate
The world looked on aghast

12
First shots were fired long before light
To start the bombardment
April twelve, eighteen sixty-one
Both sides could long repent

13
The battle raged all day and more
For thirty-four long hours
The Fort was bashed, rubble and dirt
By guns' destructive powers

14
Four thousand rounds of shot and shell
Were poured into the walls
But Major Anderson and his men
Still no surrender calls

15
The Stars and Stripes flag on the wall
Was hot down from the pole
But there they nailed it up again
And fought on brave and bold

16
A plan was finally worked out
To stop the fiery fray
Major Anderson and his men
Take safe passage away

17
But first they would fire one salute
To their flag on the pole
Of fifty rounds to honor right
Before the fort would fold

18
In that salute one gun blew up
It made a gory sight
It killed one man and injured five
A sad end to the fight

19
That was the only loss of life
In that first war event
But North and South each claimed the day
Each fulfilled its intent

20
The battle unified the North
To join the Union band
To fight to end the secession
To unify the land

The Nation's call for added troops
Caused more states to secede
A four-year civil war was on
Each side followed its creed

This was the start of vicious war
Blood flowed in streets and streams
A lot of North and South men died
Many lost golden dreams

THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON - 1862

1

The bloody Civil War was on
Destruction in the land
Both North and South held to their creeds
Each took its own right stand

2

In the first few years of that war
Each side made big efforts
To capture and control the routes
All rivers and seaports

3

The Battle of Fort Donelson
Was for that purpose too
To dominate the Cumberland
And cut the Southland through

4

The Northern strategy was plain
Attack from land and boat
Hit the enemy where they are
Big victory promote

5

General U.S. Grant's command
Was a big Union force
Twenty-seven thousand and more
Were there to set the course

6

Commodore A.H. Foote was there
With his iron-clad fleet
Eight river boats, one hundred guns
The enemy to meet

7

Generals Floyd, Pillow, Buckner
Were busy in the fort
Floyd was in major command
With active, good support

8

General Nathan B. Forrest
Of saddle-wizard fame
Was there with his cavalry
To put the North to shame

9

The forces of Fort Donelson
Seventeen-thousand strong
Were ready to fight to a man
Defend their fort for long

10

The fight began when river boats
Began their big attack
The big fort guns returned the fire
And sent a barrage back

11

The big fort guns scored vital hits
And made the ships retire
Eleven killed, fifty-four hurt
Some boats damaged by fire

12

General Grant and his big force
Attacked the fort by land
They met plenty opposition
Fierce fighting, every hand

13

The weather change became a strain
At first all warm and nice
Then came the rains, cold blowing winds
With blinding snow and ice

14

The battle lines slowed to a halt
As bitter cold came on
The temperature was twelve or less
Soldiers could freeze and moan

15

The battle seesawed back and forth
Not North nor South could gain
The hills of snow were red with blood
Just death could free the pain

16

The South drew plans to make a move
Evacuate the fort
Break out and run to Nashville town
And start a new report

17

The big force of General Grant
Learned what the South had planned
They blocked the roads and exit trails
To make a long siege stand

18

The fort leaders then made a move
To change the main command
Floyd to Pillow, then to Buckner
Why? Hard to understand

19

When General Nathan Forrest
Saw what he viewed as wrong
He and five thousand men escaped
To join another throng

20

General Buckner in command
Surrendered fort intact
With about fourteen thousand men
For the South a sad fact

A message from Buckner to Grant:
“What terms of surrender?”
“Unconditional”, the reply
No quarter to render

The fall of the Fort Donelson
Brought changes in the war
The start of failure for the South
The fast rise of Grant’s star

CUSTER'S BATTLE AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN RIVER - 1876

1

The year eighteen seventy-six
June twenty-five the day
General Custer and his men
They fought their fatal fray

2

Indian wars of the Great Plains
Were the main big concern
There the Sioux and Cheyenne warriors
Fought at every turn

3

The main condition cause of war
Was the same age-old fight
The Whites took the Indians' lands
Hostiles killed day and night

4

The Seventh Regiment was there
Of U.S. Cavalry
General Custer in command
Famous and spirit free

5

That Seventh Regiment command
Was near nine hundred men
Their main objective in those wars
Control Indians, win

6

Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse and Gall
Crow King, White Bull and more
Were warfare chiefs with warring ways
They had led wars before

7

Indian warriors there that day
About five-thousand strong
They were well armed, ready to fight
To right what they saw wrong

8

The details of Custer's Last Stand
Are not clear nor known well
The U.S. troops in that battle
Did not survive to tell

9

The rough terrain at battle site
Was good for Hostile's way
Some troopers could not see the foe
They paid with life that day

10

Custer divided up his force
For reasons not quite clear
Lack of knowledge of Hostile strength
He had not enough fear

11

The biggest error of that day
Made by the troop command
They failed to learn the Hostile's power
In arms, warriors at hand

12

There were enough well-known mistakes
For all the leaders there
We only know the Hostiles won
Cavalry "lost their hair"

13

The biggest fact well known to all
Of Custer's Stand, last ride
Two hundred seventy-six fought
And they to a man died

14

The long-range results on that day
Were not complete by far
The Hostiles won that one battle
The troopers won the war

THE BATTLES OF SAN JUAN HILL AND KETTLE HILL - 1898

1

The Spanish-American War
Was soon to be begun
Many Americans joined up
To fight with sword and gun

2

The war had been fully declared
On that eventful date
April the month, nineteen the day
Eighteen and Ninety-eight

3

Cuba, a Spanish colony
Since fourteen ninety-two
Was one main place to fight the war
To do what warriors do

4

The first big job the U.S. had
Was to ready to fight
The Army was not well prepared
To do the job up right

5

The standing army was not large
Not equipped nor supplied
The many volunteers joined up
To build glory and pride

6

One well-known wild hard-fighting gang
"Rough Riders" they were called
They were ready, raring to go
No longer to be stalled

7

One Teddy Roosevelt by name
Was second in command
Of this tough motley fighting crew
Proud to invade that land

8

By July of that famous year
Some battle plans were done
Some army troops ready to move
Some thought the war was fun

9

Tampa, Florida was the port
To disembark the troops
They rallied there to go to war
Amid loud cheers and whoops

10

A major part of battle plans
Was to attack and take
The place, Santiago, and port
A good strategic break

11

A good-sized Spanish Naval fleet
Was in that port to wait
But bigger U.S. Naval ships
Were just outside the gate

12

At last the order to attack
The San Juan Highlands range
The hills about Santiago
To make a noted change

13

The Kettle Hill, a San Juan flank
Was the "Rough Riders'" quest
To shoot it out with Spanish troops
Entrenched up there at rest

14

July First Eighteen Ninety-Eight
Was the big battle date
For Kettle Hill and San Juan Ridge
The fight was at fast rate

15

The Spanish troops there on the heights
Fought back with shot and shell
Rifle bullets and cannon fire
Cast down a deadly spell

16

The "Rough Riders" and other troops
Assigned to storm the heights
Attacked the Spanish hill-top troops
With all their fire and might

17

They faced a hail of Spanish fire
And many men were killed
The San Juan Creek ran red with blood
When hearts and souls were spilled

18

The U.S. troops kept up the charge
And with their vicious fire
The Spanish troops turned tail and ran
A safe place to acquire

19

The siege of Santiago
Went on many a day
Defended by five thousand troops
And more troops on the way

20

The greatest enemy by far
To the invading men
Was all that tropical disease
That almost did them in

21

Yellow fever, malaria
And old dysentery
Bad food, bad wounds, tropical heat
Made life a misery

22

Finally the Spanish gave up
And chose to end the war
Cuba became a new country
A colony no more

23

Casualty lists in that one fight
For that San Juan Hill place
One thousand Americans lost
Fighting at a fast pace

24

That battle on those San Juan hills
Made the "Rough Riders" fame
Teddy Roosevelt, a quick hero
In politics, acclaim

AMERICAN CARS

1

Cars have now become
Part of every day
Traffic jams the roads
Ride our lives away

2

The T-Model Ford
Was great in its time
A-Model came on
Cut a better shine

3

Four-door Chevrolet
A good family car
Gave lots of comfort
Would go very far

4

The big Packard car
For many a year
Was top of the line
It was in high gear

5

The fine Cadillac
Put all cars to shame
It had lots of class
And status and fame

6

The Lincoln was big
Fine and pretty too
It had super drive
And high style when new

7

Paige, Stanley Steamer
Dorris, Marathon
Crosley was a runt
They were noisy fun

8

Winton, Buick, Nash
Mercer, Lozier, Cord
Oakland, Pontiac
Plymouth, Graham, Ford

9

Stutz-Bearcat, Whippet
Franklin, Oldsmobile
Kysner, Frazer, Dodge
LaSalle, Hupmobile

10

Duesenberg, Maxwell
Chrysler, Hudson, Star
Edsel, Pierce-Arrow
Studebaker car

11

Mercury, Duryea
Essex DeSoto
Willys, Overland
Rambler, Durant, Go!

12

Cars, Cars, everywhere
Pollution, fumes, smoke
High-cost gasoline
Keeps a driver broke

13

Cars cost a fortune
Even clunkers, old
Keeping up payments
Nearly ruins the soul

14

Tires flat, engine shot
Battery dead, a loss
Rust and peeling paint
Better get a Hoss

ME, THE TRUCK

1

I am just an old truck
Not what I used to be
But I can still get there
Just load me up and see

2

I rolled off the big line
Sixty-six was the year
I've hauled a lot of tons
I always roll with cheer

3

GMC is my name
My colors blue and white
My bumpers and hub caps
Are chrome and shiny bright

4

My rated heavy load
Is only half a ton
But I have hauled much more
Five thousand pounds for one

5

I've been in many states
Long trips, short trips, back home
Tennessee was home base
But now I seldom roam

6

I've run a lot of miles
Eight thousand more per year
But look young for my age
Show little wear and tear

7

The job I liked the best
Was helping folks to move
Their household furniture
I made the moving smooth

8

In that type of work
New places we would go
But the trip's happy end
Just never failed to show

9

Best kind of life for me
Was on the open road
With a full tank of gas
And hauling a light load

10

With a happy driver
At the big steering wheel
With the radio loud
Let the wind howl and squeal

11

I know I'm getting old
And way past my prime
In just a few more years
I won't be worth a dime

12

To the junk yard I'll go
When I can run no more
I'll have good memories
Good times long gone before

THE BOOK * NO. 1

1

If this book, you don't adore
Toss it gently, on the floor
It can serve to stop a door
Pick a poem

2

If these verses get your goat
And you wish this writ unwrote
Wisdom missing, unworth quote
Think a poem

3

If you're ever feeling lowly
Sleeping light and eating "porely"
Feet all tired and hurting sorely
Scan a poem

4

When TV reruns are all stale
The brightest colors are all pale
And time passes like a snail
Tune a poem

5

When the food bills run so high
TV dinner and chicken pot pie
The cost of living all decry
Quote a poem

6

When the town gets very tiresome
And the heat makes one perspire some
Slow the day to expire some
Sing a poem

7

When the Centrex lights all burn
Buzzers buzz and switches turn
All the chores demand concern
Hum a poem

8

When politicians run on and on
And the ice cream missed the cone
The wind no sing, only moan
Chant a poem

9

Think of Home Place near Mountview
And Union Grove Junior High too
And the Arab High we knew
Read a poem

10

If in time you read them all
The long, the short, the big, the small
If per chance you think of Paul
Wish a poem

I'M A BRAND NEW TRUCK

1

Hey! You All, I'm a brand new truck
I'm shiny and smell good too
A Chevy S-10 means I'm small
My color is most all blue

2

My crew, long cab called "extended"
Makes me look a little odd
When my friends see the extra space
They fast approve with a nod

3

My super-chrome rear step bumper
It makes me shine and feel proud
Just step right up and use it now
Then approve, say "Wow" out loud

4

My Vee-Six powerful engine
Is two point eight liter size
It hums along with little strain
My engineers appear wise

5

My cool, cool air conditioner
Is one of my super parts
In the good old hot summertime
It cools and pleases the hearts

6

I have a big automatic
Transmission with overdrive
I can go, go most any speed
And on big hill climbs I thrive

7

I don't need high-test gasoline
Just low octane, unleaded
Some claim I'll get thirty MPG
Maybe if downhill headed

8

My vinyl seats are slick and blue
No bucket seats in my plan
I rest my passengers upright
So they can enjoy the land

9

I have seat belts like all the rest
With buzzers and lights in place
I, too, conform to EPA
To protect the human race

10

My one gas tank is not much big
Just thirteen gallons all full
But that should take me many miles
With no heavy load to pull

11

I'm not built for much heavy work
Just one-half ton my payload
My main job is to go in style
And roll smoothly down the road

12

My AM noisy radio
Comes in so sweet, loud and clear
With news and music from afar
And just what you want to hear

13

My radial tires with deep tread
May last some thousands of miles
If I can miss all tacks and nails
And keep my drivers all smiles

14

I'm soon off on the open road
Just honk as I hum my song
I expect great good miles ahead
As I roar and zoom along

THE TALKING CLOCK

1

They call me a Grandfather Clock
But I've no known offspring
In fact I have no springs at all
My power is weights and things

2

I make a lot of booming noise
Each quarter hour all day
And if you try to sleep nearby
I'll knock your nap away

3

In chimes I play a list of three
Tune choices you can make
Whittington, Saint Michael's and more
Westminster chimes I'd take

4

I stand about seven feet tall
Eighty-four inches clear
Nobody much looks down on me
I have no peers to fear

5

My main body is walnut, strong
With finish beauty, fine
I seldom need a polish job
Or work of any kind

6

My face is fit for royalty
With gold and brass in style
I never frown nor look depressed
I'm happy all the while

7

My hands are black but clean and true
They point the time of day
They can be seen both near and far
I do my job that way

8

My weights and chains do all the work
They move my parts around
They keep my innards all a go
Tell time by sight and sound

9

My weights must be pulled up in place
About one time each week
To keep me in good condition
To give right time you seek

10

I also have another chore
To show upon my face
Moon stages from new to full
Timed to the exact pace

11

My "tick" and "tock" are nice to hear
They make a soothing sound
They say to all who care to know
Time marches on around

12

My pendulum is long and thin
Except the bob below
It is a big round golden disk
And all day goes to and fro

13

It makes its move to "tick" and "tock"
Four thousand times each hour
That makes a lot of exercise
For me with my weight power

14

When weather knocks out all the power
And clock and watch springs break
I'll just keep keeping up with time
Just right for goodness sake

TALKING, WRITING PEN

1

I am just a Pen, but they say
Mightier than the sword
I can write just any number
And handle any word

2

In-com-pre-hen-si-bil-i-ty
To me is no big rap
And an-ti-dis-es-tab-lish-men-
ta-ri-an-ism's a snap

3

Of all the words that I did write
There's none that can compare
With little words: "I do love You"
"For You I really care"

4

As time goes by my light will fade
My ink will dry like hay
My words and I a keepsake
Memories stored away

THE BOOK * NO. 2

1

Now if this book is too heavy
Toss it on the floor
Let it catch dust upon a shelf
Or to stop a door

2

When you're out of TV dinners
And you need to cook
Gather up the ingredients
Remember this book

TO REMEMBER

1

If you get so all-bored and worn
Tired of Germany
Daydream and reminisce awhile
Remember the Peay

2

Or if things seem all out of joint
No good plan nearing
Just think of all the good times past
Remember Erin

3

When weather's bad with cold and storms
You're scared near to tears
Think of customers hard to please
Remember Sears

ME, I'M THE COOK BOOK

1

I am just a plain old Cook Book
With pages quite a few
I cook a most exotic dish
Or just a plain old stew

2

I specialize for newlyweds
Whose cooking arts are few
They soon grow tired of TV snacks
And bad junk food's taboo

3

I'm at my best with work from scratch
Ingredients in stock
Just mix them all in place just right
Real fancy soup, not mock

4

So keep me close, up there handy
Right on the pantry shelf
I'll guard you from a case of ptomaine
Success all by yourself

ESCAPE

1
I was weary, tired and fed up
With too much loud social noise
I departed to wild country
To relax and gain my poise

2
I met Turtles quiet and sedate
A species so very old
Spied a Wildcat on his venture
Catching supper, hot or cold

3
Heard a Hawk scream like an eagle
Flying high up in the sky
He has freedom I could wish for
Independence you can't buy

4
Poison Ivy there in bunches
By the trail all green and bright
To attack me if I touched it
I'd be scratching in the night

5
Heard the buzzing from a bee tree
Where they store honey so sweet
Saw a bird's nest in a tree top
With its twigs and straw so neat

6
Then a Hummingbird buzzed by me
Speeding faster like a jet
He was chasing a big Jaybird
From his nest of young birds yet

7
Then my old friend the Whip-O-Will
I halted to his clear call
I'd heard him many times before
In springtime, summer and fall

8
Saw a Serpent sneaking quietly
Catch a Rabbit in his coil
I stood quietly watching sunset
Nature's altar not to spoil

9
Then I spied a something sparkle
Looked like big eyes shining bright
Could it be a big Bear waiting
Mad and spoiling for a fight?

10
Then I moved a little closer
To improve my line of sight
There in this big wild, wild country
Empty beer can, Miller Lite

NATURE'S MUSIC, SUMMER NIGHTS

1
For those who love the dark of night
Katydid sings with all his might

2
He makes the world a cheery place
With his strange sound he fills the space

3
Then add the song, the tree frog's trill
Bring in the voice of Whip-O-Will

4
Then the big Bull Frog makes his boom
Sounds the best by light of the moon

5
Then hear the big old Hoot Owl hoot
He tells the world he gives a toot

6
The Screech Owl makes his scary wail
At first it may make you turn pale

7
Far in the wilds you just might note
The howl of the Wolf or Coyote

8
Then the song of the Mockingbird
On a moonlight night may be heard

9
Water birds often make their sounds
They feed and quack their nightly rounds

10
The rarest night sound I have heard
The sly Old Fox just yaps his word

11
Jiminy Cricket chirps at will
Beneath the maple on the hill

12
A hope that God will ne'er forbid
Summer night sounds, like Katydid

IT'S FOOTBALL TIME

1

About this time in every year
In late summer or early fall
The world becomes a stranger place
It is the season of football

2

The game goes on all the year round
In much training, big hopes and plans
Even pre-season ticket sales
To get them out to fill the stands

3

The football noise goes with the game
The crowd goes for the big loud cheer
The loudest noise is from the stands
And a big bass drum in your ear

4

Then to assure that the big noise
Explodes at the best time and place
We have a big cheerleader team
Active, shapely and fair of face

5

A football game is not complete
Without a big marching band
To lead the songs and cheers along
The National Anthem, all stand

6

Another clue to know for sure
That the football season is here
We see a lot of crippled youth
Cast, crutches, bandages to spare

7

When the football season is closed
When all the games are lost or won
All the players are off the field
A new season is soon begun

FARM CHORES, MILKING TIME

1

Some farm chores are reasonable
Some farm chores are seasonable
Some farm chores are nearly just fun
Some farm chores include noise to do
Some farm chores are for boys to do
And some must be done on the run

2

Some farm chores are for kids to do
Chores like canning use lids to do
And some must be done with a gun
Some are done about all the day
And most are done with little pay
And some must be done in the sun

3

Milking is one of the worst chores
A mean cow makes milkers curse more
When she kicks and swats with her tail
His hands and arms get all worn out
Cow steps on toes, they feel torn out
She sticks her big foot in the pail

4

Milking chores required the boldest
Mornings when cold is the coldest
To even get up one is pained
Milking hands freeze near to frost bit
Temper he had, he just lost it
His feet get so cold he is lamed

5

Cows' tails were often bur-loaded
When hit your head feels exploded
The cow will not give down her gift
You feed her more hay, sing to her
You then turn her calf into there
The calf's move then gives her a lift

6

Some cows were kickers and hookers
Some got upset at onlookers
And some liked to stroll round the stall
Some would fail to give milk easy
Some would eat fast and get sneezy
And some could not be milked at all

7

Now milking machines, cow parlors
Milk cows from the hills and hollows
The milk never sings into pails
But fills the tanks for quick cooling
The cows behave from their schooling
They hardly now need switch their tails

8

We now buy milk in the carton
Advertised as good for certain
From stores with all kinds of good food
The butterfat regulated
Calories, vitamins stated
We'll not milk anymore for good

EASTER

1
Easter season is the best
It is a playful time
It has treats for everyone
Goodies of every kind

2
Everybody loves Christmas
In wintertime of year
But nothing can beat Easter
When bright springtime is near

3
The hopping Easter rabbit
Is the hero that day
He gets credit for strange deeds
Great fun, many a way

4
Easter chickens come in style
In colors soft and bright
They cheep, scratch and eat a lot
To kids a big delight

5
Easter eggs have the oldest
All-the-world Easter claim
The eggs are used many ways
They have a lasting fame

6
Decorating Easter eggs
Kids of all ages do
Dyeing and coloring each
An art masterpiece new

7
Easter egg hunts all kids go
They have some special charms
Wee, tiny tots find eggs too
Maybe helped by their marms

8
Easter egg suppers are too
Some nice mealtime to be
Big plates of food and friendship
Are good as all agree

9
Easter parties may start soon
Long before Easter days
May include all party treats
Socialization ways

10
Easter lilies, spring flowers
Are beauty to behold
Give an undisputed joy
They replace winter's cold

11
Easter parade on main street
Is the year's great event
For good cause to dress the best
Hats, bonnets, heaven sent

12
Sunrise Easter services
Church groups often prepare
The early, cold, chill breezes
May freeze your blood out there

13
Easter meets at church altars
Appeal to most quite well
To celebrate Easter tide
The Risen Christ to tell

14
Easter music fills the air
In lots of tunes and kinds
"Here Comes Peter Cottontail"
"Christ is Risen", "Light Divine"

15
Anthems, choirs, duets, solos
Easter music everywhere
Loud, soft and sweet melodies
Great music to compare

16
When long distance separates
Loved ones at Easter time
Easter greeting cards do help
Bring joy in Easter rhyme

17
Home coming at Easter time
Or at least a phone call
Adds to that season's good
Maybe the best of all

18
Easter times of long ago
Remain a rich, kind thought
Memories support our dreams
For the good life we sought

HOG KILLING TIME

1
There is a time that farm boys know
They ne'er forget where'er they go

2
Dreams about and long remembers
Boiling pots and burning embers

3
The project starts in early spring
The need for fall meat is the thing

4
We get a small pig called a shoat
Fresh pork meat is better than goat

5
If he's a boar when a wee pig
We alter him quick as a jig

6
That helps him grow quick and fast
Makes tasty pork right to the last

7
We feed the pig the best of feed
We feed him fast to grow with speed

8
We feed him corn and bread and slop
He eats and eats, just never stops

9
As time goes by the piggy grows
He puts on fat from tail to nose

10
When the weather is very hot
We make sure the pig is not

11
We give him water, some to drink
Make a wallow in which he'll slink

12
We watch the pig become a hog
He grows as big as a big log

13
By the late fall he's big and fat
He's fit to kill, our plans are that

14
To kill and cure the meat just right
We need it cold both day and night

15
We check the sky for weather sign
We need winter to come on time

16
At last we see the cold snap real
Now is the time to make the deal

17
We gather wood to fire the pot
To heat the water, make it hot

18
We whet the knives till good and sharp
Tell the neighbors come take a part

19
We get the salt and sage and spice
To cure the meat and make it nice

20
In early morn the fires are set
Water soon will much hotter get

21
The time is right to shoot the gun
The hog falls dead 'fore he could run

22
To kill the hog does make one pause
It's justified, died for the cause

23
The next big job to do with care
Pour hot water from tail to ear

24
Then scrape the hair off slick and clean
Till skin's as white as ever seen

25
The next big chore is hoist him clear
Open him up and therein peer

26
Now take them out, the entrails sure
Heart, lungs, kidneys, wash clean and pure

27
And now to do the biggest chore
Carve the carcass as planned before

28
We get hams, shoulders, sides and head
Must salt all down before we bed

29
Neighbors are sent some portions too
For sure those on the butcher crew

30
Chitterlings are choice for some too
Their flavor is different, true

31
For days the other chores to meet
Sausage, liver, head, lard and feet

32
Souise meat is a real fancy dish
It's a mix of what parts you wish

33
Kidneys, feet, nose, liver, lungs, heart
Melt, ears, tail, just any good part

34
One event yet that day we greet
The first meal of this fresh hog meat

35
It's supper time, end of the day
Big jobs all done, no more to say

36
It could be sausage, chops and brains
Fill the belly, ease hunger pains

37
We eat till grease runs down the chin
Then fill the plate and eat again

38
Now when we're old and past our prime
We'll ne'er forget Hog Killing Time

PEANUTS

1
Peanuts, ground peas, goobers
They are good to eat
Raw, roasted, any way
Substitute for meat
2
Good in candy and cakes
Eat them hot or cold
Use as snacks or with meals
Tastes never grow old
3
New peanuts fresh and boiled
Have a strange flavor
But when you once try them
They, you will savor
4
Peanut butter is best
All menus will fit
It is very wholesome
Ages go for it
5
Peanut butter-jelly
Sandwiches are too
A tasty steady treat
Super-good for you

6
Then peanut oil also
Has uses galore
In food and much commerce
Big uses and more
7
Peanuts grow easily
Require little care
Insects do little harm
Grow most anywhere
8
Peanuts grow on small vines
On stems under ground
Not found on big nut trees
Where most nuts are found
9
Peanut vines make good hay
High-grade livestock feed
They give stock energy
Nutrition they need
10
Peanut vines are good too
To help build the soil
They add useful nitrates
As legumes they toil

WATERMELONS

1
Cold, sweet watermelons
Growing on the vine
The taste can not be beat
In the summertime
2
They are good in morning
Noon and in the night
Watermelon picnics
Are always just right
3
They grow in all sizes
Mostly big and small
The bigger the better
Of them, I like all
4
If you eat a big one
Watermelon ripe
No need to eat again
Soon another bite
5
When on watermelon filled
You'd better stay close
To a handy restroom
You will need it most

SUMMER RAIN

1

When the grass is all brown
And the gardens need rain
We wonder and we ask
“When will rain come again?”

2

We look at the blue sky
Not a rain cloud we see
Would one big rain dance help?
If it would, we’d do three

3

The dirt all turns to dust
The winds blows up a cloud
Our eyes are all filled up
We want to cry out loud

4

Then finally one night
Some loud thunder we hear
The rain begins to fall
It’s a joy to the ear

5

The rain comes all day long
In buckets and showers
It fills all the big ponds
And beats up the flowers

6

The dust turns to mud
But the rain won’t let up
It becomes like a flood
No hay can now be cut

7

We finally see right
Along with all the rest
We learn to take what comes
Mother Nature knows best

A LONGER SPRING

1

If I could change
Any season thing
I’d make a year
With a longer spring

2

The harsh cold days
Of winter and snow
Could be cut short
With sun’s warm glow

3

The summer’s heat
Could be delayed
While fine spring days
Awhile longer stayed

4

Since spring and love
Together go
With a longer spring
More love to show

5

A longer spring
Would bring more showers
Refresh the earth
Bring more flowers

6

Give spring more time
More birds would sing
More pure, blue skies
More hearts go “Zing”

7

An then the frogs
With more springtime
Could make more croaks
And that’s no crime

8

But even I know
And so do you
Spring’s not gonna change
It’ll just have to do

IN THE COLD OF WINTER

1

Winter comes but once a year
But that is quite enough
If it came much more than that
Life would really be tough

2

The cut of the northern wind
Will chill the blood and nose
If you don't cover up well
You may just lose some toes

3

The winter snows are pretty
The flakes fall pure and white
But when they pile up in drifts
They make travel a fright

4

The slick, slick, slick sheet of sleet
Makes traction worst of all
If you try to walk on that
You are bound for a fall

5

The birds are wise, they know best
Away down south they fly
They know that Old Winter's cold
Would surely make them die

6

We stay up north in the cold
Cover up feet and ears
We shiver and shake and frown
We age beyond our years

7

If we live a long, long time
Each year a winter brave
We will have to insulate
Our temperature to save

8

A fact of life we must know
That if one grows much old
Each year must also include
A winter long and cold

THANKSGIVING DAY

1

Thanksgiving Day's coming
Get ready soon and fast
Buy up lots of goodies
Just don't wait till the last

2

Get a big fat turkey
Get cakes and pies and bread
Don't forget cranberry sauce
Prepare a super spread

3

Restrict your diet for days
Before the big day comes
So you can eat your share
Eat all except the crumbs

4

Then when you've had your fill
You should think back a year
Remember your blessings
Be thankful you're still here

5

Now that you are full up
And need a little rest
Just take a snoozie nap
So you can feel your best

6

You may have overfilled
On all the food so fine
But prepare for more soon
It'll soon be Christmas time

CHRISTMAS TIME

Infancy to Old Age

1

To a tiny babe in arms
Christmas is new and bright
More toys, more noise and food
A Christmas tree with lights

2

To a child of four or five
Santa Clause comes in view
His Christmas list grows and grows
And more expensive too

3

Young boys and girls, eight to twelve
Like Christmas songs and plays
They like school Christmas parties
As part of holidays

4

For the teenaged crowd of kids
The Christmas dance is great
There they can meet and enjoy
A date and celebrate

5

Christmas time is a fine time
For young loves to declare
By the exchange of gifts
To show they really care

6

A few years later in teens
These times we must not miss
Some Christmas with Mistletoe
And a sweet Christmas kiss

7

For young adults at Christmas
The biggest Christmas deal
Is to prepare lots of food
A turkey, a big meal

8

Old folks enjoy Christmas too
By seeing young ones play
That brings back good memories
Of long gone Christmas days

9

For some old folks Christmas time
Is a happy joy and best
To be still living good health
To enjoy peace and rest

10

Somewhere in each busy life
Must be found a place
For Christ in every Christmas
And meet him face to face

IN THE DAZE AFTER CHRISTMAS

1

Christmas is a joyful time
To be happy, "Ho! Ho!"
Some days after Christmas Day
We would like to forego

2

From Christmas till New Year's Day
There comes a troubled time
Healing from Christmas Day
Strains body, soul and mind

3

The super Christmas dinner
Makes problems all around
Some get sick on too much food
Some gain weight, fret and frown

4

There are leftovers for days
Turkey hash, dressing, soup
You wonder where it all comes from
You groan at all that goop

5

There are bills and bills to pay
Bank accounts thin and small
From credit cards overused
Big bills, little bills, all

6

Bright-colored wrappings and string
Litter the rugs and floors
Where gifts were torn open fast
Wastebaskets hold no more

7

The Christmas tree looks forlorn
Abandoned cold and stark
All gifts are gone, tinsel dim
Lights all out, dead and dark

8

Christmas visitors, kids gone
The house all still and quiet
Christmas Day now in the past
The big day out of sight

9

Post-Christmas sales fill the stores
With shoppers there in shifts
Most are not there to buy more
But swap or return gifts

10

There's good news for all to know
Time heals most everything
A long time till next Christmas
When bells again will ring

11

Still if you are trouble-prone
And can't wait time so dear
Just eat and drink more all night
To celebrate New Year

SNOW

1

Snow affects people, in ways more than twain
For some it's a joy, for some it's a pain
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

2

Snow-day vacations, kids love to miss schools
Parents soon are tired, they run out of rules
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

3

Some enjoy sledding, as they zip down hills
Snow is no comfort, when one gets wet spills
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

4

Snow makes travel bad, roads so very slick
Many stay off work, many call in sick
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

5

Some hardy people, mostly young and strong
Build a big snowman, they don't last much long
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

6

A snowy landscape, is a pretty sight
May look better on, Christmas cards you write
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

7

For birds snow can be, a cause for much strife
Food all covered up, a hazard to life
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

8

Snow ice cream is good, to some it's a treat
It's better than corn bread, any time you eat
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

9

Snow can penetrate, shoes and most footwear
A danger to health, may need Medicare
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

10

A snowball battle, can be lots of fun
If hit in the face, it's time for to run
It's the same old snow
Wherever you go

11

From all I have seen, and all I have read
Snow is enjoyed best, by snuggling in bed
Let it snow
Let it snow
Let it snow

COUNTRY TO TOWN AND BACK

1

There was a redneck man
Who lived out in the sticks
He lived so far out back
He rarely saw real bricks

2

For cats he had raccoons
His dogs were partly fox
His chickens were like quail
The sun time was his clock

3

He at a lot of nuts
And roots and berries too
His meat wild and woolly
It even made tough stew

4

He had 'lectricity
When thunder came about
When lightning lit the sky
He watched the water spout

5

His bathtub was the creek
In summertime to use
Few baths in wintertime
The cold a good excuse

6

His health plan was at most
Home remedies galore
Each ailment had a cure
Whiskey, a sip and more

7

Some herbs and roots also
Might be put in the drink
The hooch was strong enough
To put him in the pink

8

He raised a little crops
Some beans and peas and corn
Big farming not his deal
Hard work he liked to scorn

9

And then this redneck man
With wife, his redneck girl
They moved right in to town
And joined the urban whirl

10

They each got a mill job
They worked from eight till four
They'd never worked so hard
Their bodies tired and sore

11

They soon were deep in debt
For house and car and stuff
Installment credit plans
Paychecks never enough

12

The more they worked and worked
The deeper grew the debt
Buying was so easy
Paying for, was no bet

13

To make the story short
They grew real old real fast
All worn out they retired
And went back to their past

14

They moved back to the sticks
To the land of their youth
They barely were able
To be the living proof

15

City life with all its frills
May not be all so great
What looked so good and fine
Should not so highly rate

16

The moral of this case
If one it has to make
Apparent great progress
May be one big headache

IT'S COTTON PICKING TIME

- 1
In the deep and sunny South
Where cotton grew as King
Came a certain time of year
Picking cotton the thing
- 2
Big event was evident
It came as no surprise
Came round the same time each year
Cotton cash crop the prize
- 3
The cotton crop was started
Planted in early spring
A lot of work was required
Maturity to bring
- 4
The cotton was plowed and hoed
As often as was needs
The one big work objective
Was to kill grass and weeds
- 5
With each summer rain shower
A new crop of weeds came
Brought the job of cultivate
With hoe and plow again
- 6
A long, wet and hot summer
With ground too wet to plow
To defeat the grass and weeds
We only wondered how
- 7
“Laying by time” came at last
Plows and hoes put away
No cotton work for awhile
Other chores filled the day
- 8
That period of slack farm work
July to September
Was a joyful interlude
Farm boys to remember
- 9
It was a time to go down
To the old swimming hole
A time for summer picnics
And revivals to hold
- 10
All too soon the time would come
Cotton began to shine
Then fields grew white overnight
It's cotton picking time
- 11
Cotton picking all by hand
Was then the only way
It took lots of work per pound
The job took many a day
- 12
The human body was not built
To pull a cotton sack
The strain made pain all over
But “Oh! My aching back!”
- 13
The shoulders, legs, neck and back
Were also wracked with pain
The hot sun in the midday
Just added to the strain
- 14
To save the back some aching
Walk on the knees awhile
But then the knees got sore too
We tried just any style
- 15
Long cotton picking seasons
Extended into fall
Cold weather could come early
We still must pick it all
- 16
The cotton picking ailments
Took on another pill
The cold fingers torn and cut
Were sure no added thrill
- 17
Finally the cotton fields
Were then not white as snow
The cotton was all picked out
Ready to market go
- 18
Big cotton picking machines
Now pick it out so fine
Still in the harvest season
I dream of “Cotton Picking Time”

TO THE CREEK (Or the Old Swimming Hole)

1
When the weather's hot and dry
You may get a whim
To cool off awhile
To go for a swim

2
You may have a homebound pool
In your own back yard
Or a public pool
On your Master Card

3
Those pools require lots of care
Chemicals galore
Lights, pumps, filters, drains
Eyes and ears get sore

4
Public pools, peopled wall to wall
All creeds, races, shapes
Like one big bathtub
Crowds give you the shakes

5
In the rural tradition
We swam in the creek
It was nature cleaned
None better to seek

6
"Swimming hole" was not the name
We called it "the creek"
With snakes, frogs, turtles
No place for the meek

7
We called it "go in washing"
It was a summer bath
We walked to the creek
A long crooked path

8
No chemicals were needed
To make the creek right
We dived by the moon
When we swam at night

9
We did more than only swim
Ducked, floated, splashed, dived
Sometimes we rode logs
Seldom drowned, survived

10
Swim suit style was no problem
No body had one
We just skinny-dipped
That was all more fun

11
We had no swimming teacher
Just learned on the job
To do by doing
Just make like a frog

12
Now when it's all hot and dry
I yen for a trip
To head for the creek
For one more cool dip

FODDER PULLING TIME

1

In late summer down on the farm
The same old chore came round
It was fodder pulling time again
In country and in town

2

Fodder on the small corn farms
Meant green leaves from the corn
Pulled and dried and cured like hay
To feed both night and morn

3

In common terms it was a feed
Called roughage for the stock
To balance with a feed of grain
Sometimes cured in a shock

4

The fodder pulling job was tough
On hands and eyes and head
The corn blades sometimes cut the hands
Dust made nose and eyes red

5

Bees and wasps and stinging worms
Too, were part of the scene
The worst worm was the packsaddle
He was painful and mean

6

Then when the leaves were all cured out
And dry enough to store
We tied them up in nice bundles
And handled them once more

7

The fodder chore was not complete
Till well-stored in the barn
We had to tote it in by hand
Before rain did it harm

8

This tote-and-store job had to have
Some moisture from the dew
To help the bundles carry right
And not all break in two

9

So toting fodder in the night
Was, too, my boyhood chore
Barefoot through briars and snaky weeds
Was no fun anymore

10

Now some farm chores were sometimes fun
In fresh air and sunshine
I won't miss that late summer chore
That fodder pulling time

BLACKBERRY PICKING

1

If you've never picked blackberries
You may not want to go
There's more involved than meets the eye
More than you want to know

2

The berry briars grow far away
Mixed with all sorts of vines
Way out on some far hot hillside
And oh! those thorny spines

3

There's ticks and chiggers, bugs and flies
Mosquitoes fog the air
And then a big red stinging wasp
Dives right into your hair

4

And don't forget snakes are about
They lurk there at your feet
They may not give you a warning
May bite you near your seat

5

Now if you try to eat and pick
Berries there on the trip
You end up with few to take home
And just a big black lip

6

Blackberry picking was at times
A fun trip boy-girl date
A mystery: both had black lips
He only, berries ate

7

You grab and sweat and walk and climb
Looking for more to pick
Your bucket bumps you on the shin
You feel a little sick

8

Your feet get hot and blistered red
From shoes you seldom wear
You snag your shirt and your best pants
Get a long jagged tear

9

You just forgot to bring along
Cool water in a jug
Your whole body gets tired and hot
As a bug in a rug

10

You think you spy a juicy bunch
To pick with pulls and tugs
You get a handful of, not berries
It's big buzzing June bugs

11

In quick surprise you jump and jerk
And then you squeal in pain
You get yourself all tangled up
Those sharp briars again

12

There Mother Nature takes her stand
In berrypicking too
The hard work makes you earn your fruit
For much success to do

13

When you get tired and all done in
And take your berries home
Your friends and kin there eat them up
While you just scratch and groan

14

Now if you do save enough fruit
To make a cobbler pie
You know the trip was worth it all
You eat enough to die

PEANUT CROP - 1983

1

While working way down on the farm
Digging as fast as I could scratch
And why was I toiling so hard
Just harvesting the peanut patch?

2

What did I find beneath the vines?
A lot of rocks and dirt and roots
The drought and heat had done their work
The deer had grazed those tender shoots

3

I told it wrong, not quite all true
After I dug and searched some more
When I had pulled two dozen vines
My total peanut take was four

4

How can I rationalize this case
No peanuts to roast for a year
They have too much cholesterol
So now my blood can run all clear

5

What does this mean now anyhow?
This proves a point if proof I need
You may not reap all that you sow
You may lose your labor and seed

LATE WINTER STORM

1

As I watch the snow come down
I know springtime is near
But that hardly helps at all
My ears will freeze I fear

2

Spring is almost here they say
Calendar says so too
But that makes no heat today
My nose is cold and blue

3

Old Man Winter soon to pass
To his last resting place
Does not help me survive
The cold wind in my face

4

The warm sun was out last week
Some flowers came up neat
Then the wind and snow came back
On my cold aching feet

5

Then those old arthritic knees
Had braved the winter's cold
But this late cold weather snap
Made them feel bent and old

6

My hands were cold all winter
They just got warm last week
With this cold late winter storm
My gloves again I'll seek

7

Those sinuses had it made
With February's sun
But this wet, cold late winter
May put them on the run

8

The meter on the heat bill
Had slowed a bit last week
This drop in temperature
Will run it back to peak

9

Last week we saw the wild geese
Fly north on happy wing
This week they ride the north wind
Back south to wait for spring

10

You might try some exercise
To keep the body warm
Or do like the old groundhog
Hole up, wait out the storm

THE SUMMER OF 1986

1

'Twas the summer of '86
It was all hot and dry
The planted crops barely came up
And then stood there to die

2

The lightning came and thunder too
And a few drops of rain
Not enough to wet my old shirt
Sun's out, heat's on again

3

The weather man says fronts don't move
They just stay put and dry
The rain goes east and west and north
But down South we just die

4

Kentucky Wonder beans grew tall
But blooms were slow to come
They made a few small pints to eat
And then dried up to none

5

My early corn grew up right well
And made near half a crop
It then got dry and called a halt
The leaves began to flop

6

My later corn made a sad start
It grew about two feet
It tasseled out and grew no more
A few nubbins to eat

7

My okra plants they made a start
To about a foot tall
Even with its long deep roots
It barely grew at all

8

My black-eyed peas grew best they could
To vines as years before
But only made a wee small crop
One handful nothing more

9

My peanut crop may have a chance
If rain should still come late
It grows the whole hot summer through
Till frost October date

10

The farmer is hurt worst of all
By heat and lack of rain
All of his crops and livestock too
Are sources of his pain

11

Tobacco, burley, dark-fired too
The farmer's in the blues
The way that tobacco crop looks
He can't buy baby's shoes

12

The big cornfields are yellow too
When they should be dark green
They're drying up with nubbins small
The worst you've ever seen

13

The farmer in his soybean fields
The soil is nearly bare
Where beans should be up three feet tall
Just scrawny stems are there

14

The wheat yield, too, was not much good
Maybe near half a crop
Pastures and hayfields all turned brown
They are another flop

15

Even the laying hens and cows
Are hurt by the bad heat
They can't produce a good profit
Farmers suffer defeat

16

The water bills and power bills too
Go higher week by week
Water tanks low from overuse
Power use is near peak

17

Now what can we do weather wise
To make it cool and wet?
Can we use magic or true science?
Must we just sit and sweat?

18

"Wait till next year" we always say
The optimistic kind
Next year can't be much worse than this
We'll try another time

TOO MUCH BULL (A True Story)

1

When I was just a growing lad
Of thirteen years or so
I read a lot of wild west lore
I saw me in the know

2

Down on the farm we had a bull
A Jersey old and mean
He pawed and made a lot of noise
Stirred up a lot of steam

3

The bull was big and tough and lean
He weighed past half a ton
That motivated me still more
To ride him on the run

4

His big gray horns were long and sharp
They gave him lethal power
With them he was a fearsome sight
Could turn a picnic sour

5

My big plan was to box him in
A small space in the barn
Then I would vault upon his back
Not concerned with the harm

6

I barged right in to where he stood
With a big stick in hand
He made his move to send me home
To that far promised land

7

I dodged aside and used the stick
That was to him no pain
He had me trapped in a corner
My efforts were in vain

8

There had been an old wife's tale
That it was good and wise
That a mean bull could be subdued
Put your thumbs in his eyes

9

So when he lunged and pinned me down
I put my thumbs to work
That only made him more enraged
He proved me just a jerk

10

The wall was low where I was trapped
I made a fast retreat
I scrambled safely out of there
Head over heels and feet

11

That big bull taught me lots of facts
In one quick lesson plan
As a young boy, weigh your assets
To live to be a man

12

Since that hot day so long ago
I never did forget
Don't seek a bull and big trouble
Plenty will find you yet

DID YOU GO FISHING?

1
Did you ever go fishing
A hot summer's day?
You just sit there in the shade
Watch the fishes play

2
Did you ever go fishing
On a rainy day
And get all wet all over?
You're in a bad way

3
Did you ever go fishing when
You should have stayed home?
You caught a cold and no fish
A chill to the bone

4
Did you ever go fishing
In a swimming pool?
Then you hardly get a bite
Thought to be a fool

5
Did you ever go fishing
Without any bait
So you have no fish to clean
And you come home late?

6
Did you ever go fishing
With no fishing line?
And you didn't see a fish
Still had a good time

7
Did you ever go fishing
With no fishing pole?
Didn't care to see a fish
Played a lazy role

8
Did you ever go fishing
Without any hooks?
You rested on the creek bank
Observed nature's looks

9
Did you ever go fishing
With your best girl friend?
You forgot about the fish
Set a happy trend

10
Nest time you go a-fishing
Take along some cash
And buy a can of sardines
Trip will be a smash

MY LITTLE RED WAGON

1
There comes a time in a boy's life
When nothing else will do
A pretty little red wagon
All shiny and brand new

2
I don't forget my own campaign
To make my wishes known
To dear Old Jolly Santa Claus
To bring my wagon home

3
I told my folks how I would work
And do my every chore
With my new little red wagon
Much better than before

4
I'd haul in wood for the big fire
And stove wood for to cook
I'd clean the yard and chicken house
And every little nook

5
I'd haul the corn in from the field
To feed the cows and pig
My pretty little red wagon
Would do jobs small and big

6
I'd haul in big watermelons
From far out in the field
I'd haul in all the peanut crop
Regardless of the yield

7
I even had an extra plan
To do more bigger jobs
I'd build high wagon side boards too
To haul just gobs and gobs

8
Then Christmas came and I woke up
There by the big fireplace
Was my shiny little red wagon
You should have seen my face

9
I had a smile like none before
A grin from ear to ear
That was by far my best Christmas
In any childhood year

10
Then times did change and wishes too
Red wagons went away
Santa Claus gets some big request
A red Corvette Stingray

THE CLARKSVILLE BI-CENTENNIAL - 1984

1

Clarksville should pause and look back now

This Bicentennial year
To see the long way it has trod
Then to chart the new road clear

2

It was seventeen eighty-four
This place was the wild frontier
Almost unknown to human kind
Few but red men had been here

3

A Mister John Montgomery
And Martin Armstrong by name
They saw this a good location
For to build a town, they came

4

They chose the hills on the east side
Near where the two rivers meet
To lay a plan for a city
A beginning, incomplete

5

Now it is nineteen eighty-four
Many things have come and gone
A city built upon this ground
On this place God's grace has shone

6

The town survey at the first start
Was just one square mile, of old
Now two full centuries later
It's forty-eight miles all told

7

Population has grown and grown
Near sixty thousand or more
From far and wide of varied stock
Spread out from the river's shore

8

Clarksville's business community
It has grown from year to year
Some eighteen hundred in all now
Many goods and services here

9

This city has seven good banks
To hold and pay out the funds
They mean to protect our money
From robbers with bombs and guns

10

Clarksville is and always has been
A good farm market town place
Yearly farm dollar income now
Passed the thirty million pace

11

Good newspapers have often been
A pride of this Clarksville town
The present Leaf Chronicle has
1008 roots in this ground

12

Churches have grown up through the years
Are now near seventy-five
They point their spires toward Heaven
They teach and inspire our lives

13

The City-County schools are here
Now twenty or more the count
With near fifteen thousand students
The budget a big amount

14

Good colleges on the local scene
A source of town pride to see
Masonic, then Stewart College
Southwestern, then Austin Peay

15

This town has fifty-eight doctors
And dentists, near thirty-two
They help guard our health from danger
Our ailments, they see us through

16

Then nine veterinarians
Are here for our stock and pets
For health care and animal ills
When they're needed call the vets

17

The Clarksville Police Department
It, too, has grown with the years
A force of one hundred or more
Law and order, with less fears

18

And the Clarksville Fire Department
With a ninety-two man crew
And a total of thirteen trucks
Bright red and shiny like new

19

The two men just opened this town
Their big dream gave us a start
The good progress will continue
If we all just do our part

20

We've come a long way since we started
Way down on the river's bank
We see two hundred years' progress
Divine Providence, we thank

THE SUMMER OF FORTY-SIX

1

'Twas the summer of forty-six
The first one since the war
Many old friends back from their trips
From places near and far

2

Back into college work and play
With old friends and some new
We had a lot of catching up
There was plenty to do

3

Of course the main college classes
Library took their toll
But there was time for other things
No time to fret and scold

4

Many movie shows and dances
We took in day and night
Tennis, baseball, bowling, talking
And music by moonlight

5

We danced by an old worn jukebox
Far from the madding crowd
We'd step upon each other's toes
The music was too loud

6

Then we picnicked by the lake side
Mosquitoes as our guest
We ate and watched the swimmers play
Pretend to swim their best

7

We even read some poetry
Romantic, any kind
We solved the world's great big problems
Challenged each other's mind

8

We ate plenty of good food
Watermelon, ice creams
We visited both kin and friends
Put grad school in our dreams

9

Too soon that summertime was gone
People gone on the wing
Our forty-six summer was gone
Time won't change everything

10

If I live past four score and ten
That summer will ne'er fade
'Twill be sweet in my memory
Until my grave is made

CORNBREAD

1

Say, would you like some good cornbread
To go with your meat and beans?
To fill out a well-planned menu?
I am hungry; by all means!

2

It's no big job to make cornbread
With a bag of store-bought meal
With the "how to" right on the bag
Just a simple cooking deal

3

The pioneer on the wild frontier
He never had it that good
For to procure his daily bread
Had to do the best he could

4

At first he had to clear the land
With axe and hoe, sweat and blood
And dig and plow the stubborn soil
Near where his old cabin stood

5

He then must plant and wait and wait
The corn grains to sprout and grow
The heat and rain may not come right
Only time will let him know

6

Animals and insects all come
Then weeds and grass take their toll
All growing faster than the corn
Plague the farmer's heart and soul

7

Then by fall if the corn survived
He must pick it ear by ear
And tote it home in a big sack
His reward for a whole year

8

He must shuck a bushel or two
Just a quick and easy chore
Then shell the many ears by hand
That makes blisters pain and sore

9

He loads the corn upon his back
To tote it to the grist mill
It is many long miles away
On the creek beyond the hill

10

The miller grinds and takes his toll
Of about one-eighth or more
With meal in sack upon his back
He treks home worn to the core

11

He is too tired to cook his bread
And the wife and kids are gone
To visit with her Ma and Pa
He and the dog all alone

12

Now he can see a good excuse
He gets the old whiskey jug
He takes a nip of liquid corn
Then a big drink, chug-a-lug

THE OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP

1

When just a lad of six or so
Living down on the farm
We had a lot of chores to do
In field and wood and barn

2

The long week's work was well caught up
By Saturday midday
A trip to town for needs and fun
Some wagon miles away

3

My favorite haunt in the town
Was at the blacksmith shop
To me it was a world of charms
It was my steady stop

4

The town's blacksmith was quite a man
Was tall, brawny and strong
Was always streaked with soot and grime
From his work all day long

5

The blowing forge he used to heat
The metal to red hot
Was a whole new machine to me
A thing I ne'er forgot

6

The burning coal and smelly smoke
Belched forth an awesome sight
The blaze lit up the blacksmith's face
Yellow, glimmering light

7

The smithy's tools that he there used
They varied much in types
Hammers, tongs, anvil, drills and saws
Chisels, knives, nails and spikes

8

The one big job I liked the best
To see the blacksmith do
Was tame and shoe a big wild mule
With patient skill so true

9

The mule was not there by his choice
Rather be on the farm
He much preferred to go barefoot
In cold or when 'twas warm

10

Another job I liked to see
The blacksmith do a lot
Was heat the plow tools, beat 'em sharp
While they were still red hot

11

Then he quenched them in the pot
To keep the temper true
Hard and tough enough to be sharp
To work near good as new

12

That blacksmith man it seemed to me
Had magic plain and pure
He could build or fix anything
All machine ills he'd cure

13

This high-tech machinery age
Specialized skills now in
The blacksmith and his blacksmith shop
Are now gone with the wind

14

I don't forget my wide-eyed thrill
When as a little boy
I longed to watch the blacksmith work
A then small bit of joy

A COTTON GIN TRIP

1

In cotton land where I was born
Cotton was tyrant king
A trip with Papa to the cotton gin
Was then my favored thing

2

Since at the gin danger was great
From wheels and big machines
A boy had to grow up a lot
To be safe by all means

3

The gin trip was planned far ahead
As we picked in the fields
We filled the wagon to the top
Ready to roll the wheels

4

The best time to make the gin trip
Was just about sundown
We knew we'd have a real long wait
For our time to come round

5

Mom fixed us up some brown-bag chow
For our long trip and wait
We took along some mule feed too
Tied there on the tail gate

6

We finally reached the gin yard
After a bumpy ride
The big yard was all wagon-full
Our time we'd have to bide

7

That surely meant an all-night wait
To ever do our thing
We might still be waiting in line
Dawn birds began to sing

8

So I dug in the warm cotton
To stay the cool night air
I guess I was soon fast asleep
Without much of a care

9

Way in the night I woke up quick
The wagon shook and rolled
My Dad just moved us up the line
I was hungry and cold

10

I guessed the time about midnight
The mules were just then fed
A ate a cold baked sweet tater
Dug deep back in my bed

11

The big full moon was high above
A few stars were in sight
No clouds nor wind disturbed the scene
It was a clear bright night

12

The pleasant hum of the machines
Made music like a song
The chomp, chomp of the chewing mules
Lulled me to sleep 'fore long

13

At last just as the sun came up
We got to do our trick
We moved into the unload slot
And emptied out real quick

14

Soon on our way to go back home
With bale and seed apart
The home never looked so good to
My cotton-picking heart

RED NECK BOY

1
That Red Neck Boy
From countryside
Not only known
For his red hide

2
His looks and clothes
Are works of art
His habits, too,
Set him apart

3
He mostly wears
A six-day beard
And shaggy hair
Not often sheared

4
His old dirty
Baseball-type cap
He wears with pride
Advertised Pabst

5
His old plaid shirt
Faded and worn
Not been washed much
Since he was born

6
Wide leather belt
Name in the back
Metal buckle
All peeled and cracked

7
Old cowboy boots
Torn and rundown
Each step he took
Made scraping sound

8
His blue jacket
And muddy jeans
Faded denim
Torn at the seams

9
His pickup truck
Rusty and old
Muffler all gone
Roared, rattled, rolled

10
Its back window
Showed in full view
A big, long gun
Rusty, not blue

11
Most times in back
A coon hound stood
Barking with joy
Loud as he could

12
On his wide belt
Hung a big knife
Leather scabbard
A threat to life

13
He dipped his snuff
And smoked and chewed
His lip supply
Often renewed

14
His cigarettes
Brown paper rolled
“Bull-of-the-Woods”
He loved his “Skoal”

15
He mostly drank
His six-pack beer
The cheapest kind
No champagne near

16
To honky tonks
He often goes
To eat and drink
Stays till it’s closed

17
He was loud-mouthed
And laughed a lot
The more he drank
Louder he got

18
That Red Neck Boy
Sort of wild cat
A good old boy
For all of that

MY RED NECK GIRL

1

My Red Neck Girl
Both tame and wild
There was no way
To guess her style
Her acts were known
So far and wide
Her life was full
Nature her guide

2

My Red Neck Girl
Sang songs so sweet
Twanged a guitar
The rhythm beat
She loved to play
And dance all night
Till music stopped
And dim the light

3

My Red Neck Girl
Could milk a cow
And ride a horse
And fence a sow
Could catch a mule
As a field hand
She plowed and hoed
Well as a man

4

My Red Neck Girl
Could chop a log
And climb a tree
And train a dog
And hunt and fish
And shoot a gun
She shot as straight
As anyone

5

My Red Neck Girl
She loved to cook
Taters and wild meat
Used no cookbook
Biscuits, cornpone
Salt pork and beans
Big cakes and pies
Best chow I've seen

6

My Red Neck Girl
Could set a hen
And shoot a hawk
And build a pen
Could walk about
Ten miles or more
To sell the eggs
To country store

7

My Red Neck Girl
Could roof a house
And catch a snake
And kill a mouse
Can fruit and beans
And pluck a chick
Repair a lamp
And trim the wick

8

My Red Neck Girl
Drank coffee strong
Ten cups or more
Any day long
At that same time
She'd dip and chew
Snuff and tobacco
And drink home brew

9

My Red Neck Girl
Would fight and scratch
Like a wildcat
In a briar patch
Her words were strong
Could brawl and cuss
Could hold her own
In any fuss

10

My Red Neck Girl
Could run a race
She'd always win
At a fast pace
She swam the river
With no swim suit
Like a mermaid
She sure was cute

11

My Red Neck Girl
Would rub my back
When I was tired
Just one sad sack
When I was sick
She'd nurse me well
When almost dead
Made me feel swell

12

My Red Neck Girl
She loved me so
She loved me more
Than one can know
Those red neck girls
Are scarce or gone
Where did they go?
I now bemoan

I TRIED TO GO HOME

1

I tried to go home one day
It surely was not to be
Nothing was as there before
It was a nightmare to me

2

When first I neared the home place
I saw no shade trees in sight
They had all been cut away
And more things did not seem right

3

Even the house was gone too
It had stood there all those years
Filled with joy, pain, memories
I barely held back the tears

4

The porch of that dear old home
Held memories most of all
A place to meet friends and kin
In hot summers, into fall

5

Mama, Papa, all the rest
Of the family gone too
All gone to far, far places
Gone from the old home I knew

6

The barn and corn crib are gone
And cows, pigs, chickens and mules
No fences, no gates, no troughs
Gone the sheds, and stored farm tools

7

The big garden fence and gate
Gone without even a trace
Where tomatoes, beans and stuff
All goodies we grew in place

8

The orchard of fine fruit trees
Apples, cherries, peaches, pears
All gone from their place out back
They fed us lots of good years

9

The smokehouse and well shelter
There in the back yard had stood
Are now no more to be seen
No cool, clear water and good

10

Even the old big dirt road
That ran there past the old place
Is gone, replaced with blacktop
The thought put frowns on my face

11

Remember the old sand road?
We walked in with our bare feet
Or splashed in when it was mud
Between our toes felt so sweet

12

The chicken house, yard and coops
Where the roosters, hens and chicks
Scratched, cackled, crowed and dusted
Gone, grown up, the weeds so thick

13

Even the old firewood pile
Though it was never so great
Now gone, not even a trace
No wood-chopping work to hate

14

Wagons and plows not in use
Were often parked in the shade
All gone, to be seen no more
Such progress can't be delayed

15

All the flowers in the yard
Are gone to bloom nevermore
They had been our pride and joy
Springtime beauty, days of yore

16

As I approached the old place
I half-expected to see
My old dog and old gray cat
Come running out to greet me

17

But no, that could never be
They long since went up above
Now they won't be there to play
I'll remember them with love

18

Now what does home again mean?
Just why can't good things stay good?
Nothing's eternal on earth
Change just must be understood

19

Memories are wonderful
They are daydreams of the past
We must enjoy the good now
It is so sure not to last

20

Even if the good old days
Could be just now as before
They would not now seem so good
Since we have also changed more

SUMMER AND WINTER

1

Once upon a time 'tis said
An old man and a girl
Were mutually attracted
In a romantic whirl

2

Their four eyes met and sparkled
They maybe meant to play
It started out just harmless
And then just stayed that way

3

They held hands a time or two
And maybe nearly kissed
He was then so all shook up
Her lips he even missed

4

They had not much in common
Far apart in ages
Their romance died aborning
In the early stages

5

One thing they had in common
They differed in gender
But he was old, worn and tired
She was young and tender

6

His youth was far gone and past
Most of her life ahead
When she would reach her zenith
He would surely be dead

7

What does this prove? Anything?
Father Time knows the best
Summer and winter don't meet
East is east, west is west

GREEN BRIAR COVE SCHOOL

1
I was a first-year teacher
In a small one-room school
Green Briar was its good name
Learn and have fun our rule

2
My job was all-inclusive
Teacher and janitor
Principal and faculty
Athletic director

3
Our school was grades one through six
With subjects in each grade
Each class a short span of time
Instruct, check progress made

4
The school had sparse equipment
Just church pews and a stove
Made from a big old oil drum
Firewood cut in the cove

5
School supplies were limited
Free textbooks from the state
Chalk, eraser and a broom
The county did donate

6
We had a very few books
Not enough for our needs
Just a big dictionary
Some literature to read

7
And we had a small Bible
King James version well known
Read by students and teacher
As they had done at home

8
Our school transport was simple
Some walked two miles or so
To school in any weather
In mud, cold, rain or snow

9
Each child brought a lunch from home
In buckets, boxes, sacks
Sweet taters or sandwiches
Cold food in small cold packs

10
Water was brought by bucket
From quarter mile away
Each had a personal cup
A real treat on hot days

11
The school enrollment was small
About twenty or so
But they did a lot of work
Learning what was to know

12
The families in the school
Were about a dozen
Some were a mix of kinfolk
Aunts, uncles and cousins

13
There were Couchs and Daugettes
Whisenants and Ballews
Clarks, Bradleys and some Jettons
For all school had good use

14
We had reading, 'rithmetic
Social studies, art too
Music, writing and English
Science for all to do

15
Recess and the long lunch hour
Were favorites for all
We played a lot of group games
But mostly some baseball

16
We observed most holidays
Christmas and Easter best
We had a play at Yuletide
We sang songs for the rest

17
For Easter the big egg hunt
Was the best of the year
We hid and found those tired eggs
Till they showed lots of wear

18
Near end of school in springtime
We had a special treat
A big lemonade party
Drinks and cookies to eat

19
One advantage of this school
Is how the students work
The big ones helped the small ones
Few would their lessons shirk

20
Also the younger students
Would learn along the way
From classes in upper grades
As they observed each day

21
Now it's been near fifty years
Since Green Briar was my place
I recall those happy times
A smile lights up my face

22
That small school is now phased out
Consolidate, the trends
But we have good memories
Green Briar School and friends

HOW ABOUT THE SOUTH?

1

You really want to know
Some more about the South?
I'll give you the main facts
Straight from the horse's mouth

2

The summer weather's hot
Plenty humidity
It drives you to the shade
You get humility

3

The South has some big towns
But it's still more rural
Its types of main terrain
Very, very plural

4

We talk sort of slowly
Call it the Southern drawl
There's no great big hurry
Why, just come see us y'all

5

Kin folks in Dixieland
Count all distant cousins
Both now and way back when
That helps keep life buzzing

6

The South is famous for
Real hospitality
People nice to people
The way they ought to be

7

Down South at voting time
We love our politics
Sort of recreation
The way we get our kicks

8

Music of Dixieland
Country, hymns and folk songs
To enjoy lots of tunes
Just come on sing along

9

No eating in the world
Can beat our Southern hams
Fried chicken, turnip greens
Sorghum and candied yams

10

In this good old Southland
You see the good old boys
Talk, eat and drink a lot
All full of life and joys

11

Some major Southern crops
Tobacco and cotton
Require lots of hard work
And not soon forgotten

12

Some hunting in this South
For possum, fox and coon
Good hound dogs and comrades
By the light of the moon

13

In the daytime hunting
It's quail, squirrel, rabbit
With or without the dogs
That makes a good habit

14

We love to congregate
The most in summertime
Family reunions
Fun and food the best kind

15

The art of good writing
There's good literature
In the old-time Southland
Well done and just as pure

16

Now out of all of that
What can this Southland be?
The way to know for sure
Is to be there and see

FALLING IN THE FALL

1

Fall must be called fall
For some good reason
Many things do fall
In that late season

2

Many-colored leaves
All come tumbling down
They cover the earth
In country and town

3

Rain drops are falling
On house and barn tops
Fall rains and more rains
It finally stops

4

In the fall season
Football comes to life
Some players and teams
Fall in the game's strife

5

When Jack Frost first falls
Grass and weeds fall down
They will grow no more
Till springtime comes around

6

From the big oak trees
Acorns fall as mast
They are all good food
For wildlife's repast

7

Hickory nuts fall soon
To the ground also
To the squirrels' delight
They fatten and grow

8

If farm crops are big
Their prices fall too
When to market go
Low prices won't do

9

Apples and most fruit
Fall down in the fall
When they all get ripe
As the Whip-o-wills call

10

Near the end of fall
Snowfall is the scene
It covers the earth
So white and so clean

11

For many folks now
Fall's the best season
It surely beats winter
For many cold reasons

LOVE IS

1

Love is a rare commodity
It can't be bought nor sold
It never makes the stock market
The value more than gold

2

Love is a many-splendored thing
It touches all of life
It brightens every part we play
From dull to sharp as knife

3

Love is always where you find it
Or it just may find you
It can't be made without the aid
Of hearts that ring so true

4

Love is fleeting and oh so fast
Don't let it flit away
Life is too short to waste the good
Of love for just one day

5

Love is a sweet insanity
It seldom makes good sense
It is not made to measure out
In pints nor quarts nor tenths

6

Love's tender fragrance on the wind
Enters all the senses
It penetrates the heart and soul
Knows no bounds nor fences

7

Love as an itch can't be scratched
Not even soon locate
Like fever, it runs all over
No need to investigate

8

Love is warmer than noonday sun
To even a cold soul
It warms the wrinkles of the heart
To youth, mid-age and old

9

Love is fragile as an egg shell
Treat, unusual care
When it is hurt, it hurts the world
Protect from harm, beware

10

Love is precious, more than diamonds
Let not thieves steal away
Surround it with iron bars and moat
Keep ever and a day

THE MILL BOY

1

Good cornpone was our daily bread
In my youth on the farm
Feed for chickens and livestock too
The crib down by the barn

2

We grew our own corn in the fields
From springtime into fall
Hand-pulled and hauled it load by load
With shucks and cobs and all

3

Somebody must fix up the corn
To take it to the mill
To shuck and shell a big bushel
For a big sack to fill

4

That dusty, tiresome chore was mine
When I grew up to size
'Twas shucking corn and chasing rats
With dust in nose and eyes

5

The old Black Hawk hand-turned sheller
It did the job quite well
So when I had the box near full
Then I could rest a spell

6

With corn sacked up and on the mule
And then I'd climb up too
We were off to the old grist mill
Ten bare-backed miles to do

7

The roads were bad, rough and muddy
Those long miles on the ride
The mule was skinny, rough on me
The worst on my back side

8

Then at the mill I had to wait
In line to take my turn
To get the corn ground into meal
Was then my main concern

9

The miller took his standard toll
One-eighth of my whole sack
The mill stones hummed and ground the corn
Then soon on my way back

10

Then for a week or two at most
We'd have fine bread to eat
Back to the old corn crib again
The whole job to repeat

ENDEARMENTS

1

Hello Darling, Hello Darling
How's the world serving you?
Hi there Sweetheart, Hi there Sweetheart
Are you glad? Are you blue?

2

Greetings Sugar Baby, Greetings
What do you know today?
Good day My Doll, Good Day My Doll
What do you have to say?

3

Hey you Honey, Hey you Honey
How's my Honey, all set?
Cheers My Charmer, Cheers My Charmer
You feel fine I bet

4

Wake up My Dream, Wake up My Dream
The day will soon be bright
Smile Angel Face, Smile Angel Face
You know the world's all right

5

Howdy My Peach, Howdy My Peach
Your cheeks are sweet and rosy
I greet you Sweetie Pie, I greet you
You outshine a pretty posy

6

Come my Little Chickadee, Come
Don't fly away, away
Sweet Little Cupcake come be mine
Stay a day, a long day

7

Good morning Princess, Good morning Princess
The world's a happy place
Hey there Pretty Lady, Hey there Pretty Lady
I see your smiling face

TAKE AWAY

1

Take away a baby's candy
They cry, be sad
Take away a dog's bone
They growl, be mad

2

Take away a bear's honey
They groan and snarl
Take away a cat's mouse
They scratch and quarrel

3

Take away a person's lover
They cry and be sad,
Growl and be mad
Groan and snarl
And scratch and quarrel

PEOPLE: HOLD, THEN LET GO

1

People, you can't just store away
Can't put them on accounts
Can't add them to your asset list
Like a bad check they bounce

2

When all the scores are tallied up
Life becomes a dry fount
Big and small things just fade away
Then only people count

3

In years of day-to-day living
We're close to friends and kin
We hold them close in mind and heart
Then let them go again

4

To let them go we have to know
When still it hurts a lot
A part of us goes with them too
We will forget them not

5

At first we have the family
They make our kinship pack
Some go and then return again
Some go and ne'er come back

6

Neighbors, like family and kin
Are real close in our lives
They see us in depths of despond
And when our best joy thrives

7

We meet a lot of brand new friends
At church and school and play
We grow together for some years
Then scatter far away

8

The college years with campus life
Brings new faces galore
Students, faculty and some deans
Peers, eggheads, many more

9

If military life we see
We meet a whole new gang
They would be much more varied too
Here now, gone with a bang

10

In the workplace there where we toil
This world, we make it right
People we work with friend and foe
Co-work, compete and fight

11

In all these personal contacts
We grasp and then let go
How and when to cherish and hold
Never easy to know

12

The big question we still must face
When to hold, then let go
Just keep all the good memories
In hearts there where they grow

LOVE COMES TOO SOON

1
A person grows up
Stages to stages
More ready for change
At certain ages

2
He's ready to walk
When his legs are strong
She's ready to sing
When she feels a song

3
She's ready to read
When the eyes are right
He's ready to spell
With the words in sight

4
He climbs up a tree
Because it is there
She rocks baby doll
In the rocking chair

5
They ride bicycles
With balance control
They ride the snow sleds
Way out in the cold

6
They must go to school
When the school bells call
It most always starts
Early in the fall

7
In school they pursue
A lot of courses
They made good progress
Despite bad forces

8
Oh, yes! Boy meets girl
At some early time
Neither is impressed
Don't break into rhyme

9
In the teenage years
They both make changes
His voice sounds deeper
Her shadow shape ranges

10
Puberty they see
Enter their young lives
To adjust and cope
Almost brings on hives

11
They gradually pass
Those old clumsy years
In work and in play
Some smiles and some tears

12
And then it bites them
Old love bug by name
They see each again
But in a new vein

13
That mystery of love
Gives them some real starts
They wonder what's wrong
Their pitty-pat hearts

14
They pair off in pairs
For dating and such
They worry a lot
Appearance too much

15
Then finally comes
The really big deal
They fall deep in love
Intensely they feel

16
Marriage comes to mind
But there is debate
Are they now mature
Or should they still wait

17
They then must now look
At all of the facts
Can they make it work
With all the drawbacks

18
They use all wisdom
And then do decide
To wait, wait and wait
Their time to now bide

SOME LOVE

1

Some love with lots of reservation
Some love and suffer privation

2

Some love with fear and trepidation
Some love with much hesitation

3

Some love with no true inclination
Some love with not much sensation

4

Some love only with equalization
Some love to build an aggregation

5

Some love with lots of strong aggression
Some love just for aggravation

6

Some love without imagination
Some love with no qualification

7

Some love is just tricky machination
Some love seeks no supplication

8

Some love with rigid limitations
Some love is all fascination

9

Some love is like a movie star on location
Some love is all imitation

10

Some love is like an immunization
Some love is like a vaccination

11

My love for you has no big “ation”
It’s bigger by far than any nation

HOW LONG WILL I LOVE YOU?

(Can be sung to the tune of "The Twelfth of Never")

1

How long will I love you?
You are the One
As long as the Rivers
Are wet and run
How long will I love you?
My heart to save
As long as breakers roar
And Oceans wave

2

How long will I love you?
To you be kind
As long as the night sky's
Bright with Moonlight
How long will I love you?
Just let me think
As long as the bright Stars
Twinkle and blink

3

How long will I love you
Our love won't crash
I'll love you as long as
Lightning can flash
How long will I love you?
And love you more
As long as storm clouds storm
And Thunders roar

4

How long will I love you?
My love won't break
As long as Winds do blow
And make leaves shake
How long will I love you?
Love great and small
As long as dark rain clouds
Bring big Rain fall

5

How long will I love you?
No love is lost
As long as winter's morn
Wears old Jack Frost
How long will I love You?
Ever on call
As long as winter clouds
Make Snow flakes fall

6

How long will I love you?
It's love divine
My love will last as long
As Sun can shine
How long will I love you?
I'll tell you soon
As long as Flowers grow
And spread and bloom

7

How long will I love you?
My soul is fed
By your love as long as
Strawberries red
How long will I love you?
With great esteem
As long as Grass can grow
And be so green

8

How long will I love you?
It'll never slide
As long as Hawks can fly
Circle and glide
How long will I love you?
My love won't scoot
As long as in the night
Hoot Owls can hoot

9

How long will I love you
Only God can know
It will last as long as
Roosters can crow
How long will I love you?
Without a scowl
As long as Coyotes
Can whine and howl

10

How long will I love you?
My love won't crack
It will survive as long
As Ducks can quack
How long will I love you?
Strong as an oak
As long as Bullfrogs swim
And boom and croak

11

How long will I love you?
In light and dark
As long as Dogs can run
And jump and bark
How long will I love you?
Your love joy brings
As long as Birds can fly
And chirp and sing

12

How long will I love you?
Heavens above
I'll love you as long as
Lovers can love
How long will I love you?
I'll tell you now
I'll love you forever
To You I'll vow

ON BEING A FATHER

1

Being a father just might be
The toughest job of all
When he's not on homework full time
He's still always on call

2

If he works a big shift all day
From early morn till night
To put good food on the table
Kids seldom in his sight

3

If father stays at home some more
His job work he will shirk
He'll know his many kids all right
Soon he will have no work

4

If this fast-moving old father
Stays home each chance he can
When not on the job he is there
In the way, there on hand

5

Then as the time wears on and on
The father wears out too
He needs a little free time to play
To keep his spirit new

6

If the father plays fast and free
Temptations may appear
Then the mother gets in the act
She knocks him on his ear

7

Then through the years the father plans
His schedule fills their needs
The kids are growing inch by inch
Some big and tall as weeds

8

Then the father comes home one day
As many times before
The kids all gone, the empty nest
He sits there on the floor

9

Now he's just a lonely old man
Not in demand much more
He wonders where the years have gone
His rheumatism's sore

10

Again he hears a lot of noise
Pit-a-pat little feet
The grand kids are all here again
"Grandpa, let's play and eat"

THE TELEPHONE, A LAMENT

1

Some inventions are fine
Some come before their time
Some are in-between
Mister Bell built the phone
Never knew how we'd moan
That phone is this theme

2

The phone makes us a fish
In world's fish bowl, the dish
We end up perplexed
Phone rings, keeps on ringing
Some calls have no meaning
We are very vexed

3

The phone can be greatest
Call in when you're latest
May evade a scene
Call for an appointment
For the doctor's ointment
Keeps your record clean

4

There are careful phone users
But more phone abusers
Some gab hours and hours
There are crank-prank callers
They think big, act smaller
The frustration sours

5

Obscene calls are the worst
Get mad enough to burst
Then "unlist" your phone
Call the caller sick, sick
Hang up the phone real quick
Temper's lost and gone

6

The night's quiet, you're snoozing
Phone rings, caller's boozing
Blasted wrong number
You try for more sleeping
Now feel more like weeping
Long night, no slumber

7

Distant calls, east to west
May not be the best
Time zones may confuse
In east it may be late
In west could be wrong date
That call has no use

8

Teenagers are the kind
To ignore clocks and time
Call all day and night
If they got up early
Knew the time more clearly
They'd use phone time right

9

Phone salesmen are a bore
They bug you more and more
Hang up on them fast
Tricky deals not funny
They only want your money
Their sales pitch won't last

10

Late night calls shake the soul
Jangle nerves, you feel old
Knock you out of bed
Forget where phone is put
Stumble 'round, break a foot
Stoop and bump your head

11

Big phone bills, the last straws
Your cash's in Ma Bell's paws
Bills don't get lower
Low rate calls, costly too
Rates up, whate'er you do
Higher, how much more

12

Suggest a solution
For this phone pollution
Use slow mail I guess
Before phones, we survived
Somehow we stayed alive
Smoke signals, no less

TIME FLIES

1

Honey, when I'm with you
Whatever we do
If old or new
Time runs, it flew

2

Darling, when I'm with you
Whichever we do
Eat soup or stew
Time sprints, it flew

3

Sugar, when I'm with you
However we do
One day or two
Time speeds, it flew

4

Pretty Lady, with you
Whatever we do
Our love still grew
Time flies, it flew

THE DECISION

1

I was feeling sort of lowly
In fact I felt real bad
I mostly felt punk all over
My condition was sad

2

My heart and veins were all clogged up
Or so the doctor said
And if that were not enough
I had an aching head

3

The doctor said the hospital
Was just the place for me
I said I'm not ready for that
A better place to be

4

It adds up to a major deal
A choice I have to make
Do I go for all that health care
Or just my chances take?

5

I know they'd do a lot of lab
And x-rays wide and deep
They'd probe and push and bend my parts
From head down to my feet

6

They'd test my blood for all contents
And other fluids too
They'd needle me all day and night
Till I was black and blue

7

And then there'd come the real big word
It's diagnosis time
My arteries and many veins
Are clogged all down the line

8

The remedy: bypass them all
That's big enough to dread
My first response, just let it go
Just bypass me instead

9

The doctor said without a doubt
If I don't get repaired
I will die in a short time span
My will will then be heired

10

That surely put me on big thought
My thinking cap worked long
Is it time to cash in my chips?
Is this now my swan song?

11

I must make the great decision
The biggest of my life
What value has my time ahead
Post surgery, post knife

12

I looked around my little world
To see what I would miss
If I sure 'nough just checked out now
I made a pretty list

13

I'd surely miss the bright sunshine
After a cloudy day
I'd also miss the singing birds
The smell of new-mown hay

14

I'd hate to miss flowers in bloom
And green grass in the spring
The colored leaves that fall in fall
And rain on everything

15

I'd miss the sound of sweet music
The kind that quiets the soul
The murmur of the babbling brook
Before my heart was cold

16

I'd miss just all that goody food
The fat meat and the lean
Watermelon and crunchy nuts
Chicken livers, ice cream

17

I love my coffee cup by cup
The taste, aroma too
My tomb with no Mr. Coffee
For me just would not do

18

Now that my age is not so young
Memories, cherish well
I'd hate to lose them all so soon
In my last short death knell

19

I guess that most of all I'd miss
My kin and friends galore
I love them and abhor the thought
Of seeing them no more

20

Of course we all at some time true
Must meet God face to face
But we should choose to do our best
To not speed up the pace

21

There is lots of good work here yet
In this world to be done
Maybe I should still do my best
To stay the course, to run

22

If I face up to all that stuff
Knives, needles, pills and pills
Then when they get me all patched up
I'll die when sent the bills

YOU CAN'T BUY

1

You can't buy a golden sunset
Nor a moonbeam in your hair
You can't buy a "starlight, star bright"
With a wish and with a care

2

You can't buy a so-bright rainbow
From a cloudless summer sky
You can't buy a drink of water
In a desert hot and dry

3

You can't buy a wee white snowflake
On any hot summer day
You can't buy one little rain cloud
When a dry spell comes to stay

4

You can't buy warm springtime weather
In a cold mid-winter storm
You can't choose your own ancestors
Since the day 'fore you were born

5

You can't buy a green mountain top
There in the flatland plains
You can't buy a sunshiny day
When all day long it's more rains

6

You can't buy a song bird singing
Nor a hoot owl in the night
You can't have your cake and eat it
You can't turn wrong into right

7

You can't buy a baby's sweet smile
With your money and your pay
You can't buy back days of childhood
When you are so old and gray

8

You can't buy that one first sweet kiss
Of puppy love and wonder
You won't forget the thrill and charm
Till you are six feet under

9

You can't buy love by the gallon
By the bushel nor the peck
You can't buy esteem and prestige
With a hug around the neck

10

You can't buy a reputation
Not for diamonds nor for gold
It's your life and all your living
All your heart and all your soul

11

You can't buy more time for living
When grim reaper comes to call
Your chips are in and all counted
When your spring has turned to fall

12

All the riches herein listed
Are the best things you can choose
All for free and not for buying
Not to sell, not good to lose

EYES

1

Eyes are the windows of the soul
They, too, may dim when we grow old

2

Eyes in colors: gray, brown and blue
Then whatever, yours must match you

3

Eyes often look sort of bleary
Like just after being teary

4

We are told to get the red out
We can barely get the lead out

5

Those bad eyes may sometimes cause wrecks
So, better to get some new specs

6

Contact lenses may have more charm
But some irritate and cause harm

7

Cataracts make eyes see poorly
Remove them and see more surely

8

The eyes have language all their own
Easy to learn and widely known

9

A wink of eye may mean romance
A stern-eyed frown means not a chance

10

Captain Kidd was very irate
He became a one-eyed pirate

11

Eyes, too, come in many sizes
The bigger ones win more prizes

12

Those shifty eyes don't lead to trust
So do be careful if you must

13

Eyes with big bags can mean trouble
And beware if you see double

14

Dust, dirt, mosquitoes, gnats and flies
Any and all these eyes despise

15

Some good sunshades help eyes a lot
In bright sunlight when it is hot

16

Those smiling eyes look good to all
In times, winter, spring, summer, fall

LOTS OF GOOD LUCK

1

There is a classic lassie
Lady Luck is her name
She smiles or frowns upon us
We lose or sometimes gain

2

A lucky four-leaf clover
Is rated as the best
But a horse, tired and hungry
Just eats it like the rest

3

Rabbits' feet are full of luck
So that is what we hear
The rabbit could not agree
When a big dog is near

4

If you find an old horseshoe
Your luck is on the prime
But the horse that lost the shoe
Surely had a bad time

5

Toss a pinch of table salt
Over the left shoulder
Might bring you a lot of luck
Make you brave and bolder

6

Find a penny or a pin
Good luck is on the way
If you don't soon pick them up
Bad luck you'll have all day

7

Special luck has been assigned
Numbers, three and seven
Never bet on big thirteen
Try lucky eleven

8

There are lots of lucky charms
Just for the bride to heed
Something borrowed, something blue
A lot of luck she'll need

9

Something old and something new
Besides her brand new groom
Lucky, happy, dance all night
The day they jumped the broom

10

To assure a lot of luck
As they come down the aisle
Bride and groom showered with rice
"The more the better" style

11

As the new just-married pair
Leave on their honeymoon
Tin cans and old shoes they drag
Good luck, a noisy tune

12

Then as we age and grow old
The best luck we can know
Is just to wake up each morn
Alive, ready to go

TROUBLE, THEN JOY

1

I climbed the highest mountain
It was steep, wet and cold
It wore all my strength away
I gained the top, behold
Below was the valley warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

2

We had a long hot summer
No rain, just dry white heat
Then the big dark clouds rolled in
The gentle rain was sweet
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

3

We took a long sea voyage
With storms and big tough miles
We reached a good sheltered port
Our fears then turned to smiles
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

4

'Twas a coal mine disaster
Maybe all miners dead
Then they all walked out unhurt
Prayers of thanks were said
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

5

You thought you flunked the final
In the big college course
The grade reports, an "A"
You used the one best source
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

6

You lost your big diamond ring
You thought it was long gone
Then you found it clean and bright
Right in the box at home
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

7

Doc said he had a tumor
Maybe cancer; must come out
Surgery, it was benign
The joy came with a shout
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

8

We saw a black tornado
'Twas speeding straight to us
It lifted and went away
With quite a lot of fuss
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

9

His ship sank far out to sea
He thought his time was up
A rescue ship soon saved him
That filled his happy cup
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

10

His plane crashed in the wilds
He thought none could survive
Then all aboard walked away
So glad to be alive
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

11

When his lab report came back
Positive, bad V.D.
Then the nurse found a mistake
Negative, clear and free
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

12

He was lost in the desert
Canteen dry, not a drop
Then he found cool, cool water
His joy would never stop
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

13

The thunder storm was violent
With flash and fury sound
It passed and the sun popped out
A rainbow of renown
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

14

He went to a far, far land
Danger and pain the way
Home looked good on his return
It was a happy day
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

15

You Christmas shop, spend a lot
Your check balance shows lean
Recheck shows a thousand more
Your joy gives you new steam
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight ever was seen

16

The IRS audits you
Trouble is sure to come
You present your case with care
They owe you a refund
Like a nice valley so warm and green
Most beautiful sight was ever seen

IF I WERE

1

Ah! If I were King
What e'er would I do?
I'd crown you my Queen
Share kingdom with you

2

If I could just be
Santa Claus one year
I'd give you more gifts
Than your hands could bear

3

I would give to you
Warm sunshine each day
As a Weather Man
And keep storms away

4

If I were a Cook
A baker of fame
I'd give you fine foods
Side dishes and main

5

I would give to you
Good health for all time
Were I a Doctor
Of just the right kind

6

If I had a Bank
I'd gladly give you
Credit cards and cash
Big shopping to do

7

If I could make clothes
A fine Tailor be
I'd dress you the best
You'd ever more see

8

If I were a Clown
Full makeup employ
I'd give happiness
Make laughter and joy

9

Since I can not be
All People above
The thing I can do
Is give my true love

10

The one conclusion
Anyone can see
The all I can give
Is my heart and me

I'M A WINDMILL

1

I'm just a little windmill
I expect little from life
My job is to turn and turn all day
That's very little strife

2

I like me better now
I was just a piece of wood
I was hardly noticed before
Now I'm seen pretty good

3

Some people think I'm just a toy
But I have a cause to be
I show the direction of the wind
That's enough job for me

4

I also show the wind speed too
When the velocity is great, I'm fast
But when the wind's slow, I'm quiet
I rest and let time pass

5

My boss used a lot of care
To whittle me out in shape
With knives and drills and saws and nails
To make me look first-rate

6

My special bearing was a tricky part
It had to be just right
If put too loose, it would be no use
If not put right, too tight

7

I like my place on the garden fence
Out on the old north gate
Sometimes the dogs and birds come by
They bark and chirp till late

8

My boss is a 60-plus teenager
In ways he's still a kid
He visits and talks to me sometimes
And praises what I did

9

I don't talk back, I listen well
I know he'll treat me fair
He checks my joints and parts
And lubricates me, here and there

10

Just look at me and you can see
My philosophy of life
I face right up to the strongest wind
Like winners conquer strife

11

I don't bother much with snow and ice
The heat will come with rain
I know that if I do freeze up
The sun will shine again

12

I sometimes rattle and shake a lot
When the wind is violent and fast
But I keep right on facing up
Till the storm is gone and past

13

There's no way to know
What my future holds
I take it day by day
I just keep going round and round
I have no tax to pay

14

Now if you'd like to check the wind
Just look my way and see
I'll give you all the word you need
On direction and vel-oc-ity

15

There's one more word that should be heard
My total work is a very small sum
But all who try as hard as I
Should rest and say, "Well done".

L. Paul Hyatt
Professor of History
Austin Peay State University

TALKING TURKEY

1

I am a big turkey
I hate this time of year
I'd rather be not me
So for my life I fear

2

In most all of the year
I eat and drink all day
Hardly have to gobble
Till near Thanksgiving day

3

When holidays come near
I take a different route
Away from chopping blocks
I really chicken out

4

Then comes fall and winter
Seasons with feasts galore
Turkey on all menus
Just knocks me on the floor

5

Each year I miss the axe
I get more tough to eat
I may survive awhile
The roasting pan to beat

JANUARY

1

The long month of January
Is favorite of few
It's cold and wet with mud and snow
Not easy to get through

2

Those big New Year's resolutions
Can get a brand new start
Maybe they'll last a month or so
Before they fall apart

3

So January gets its name
Janus a god of Rome
That god had faces back and front
Look ahead, look back, gone

4

January gives one more chance
To start a year anew
Wipe the slate clean and start again
See how much better do

5

This is the month to throw it out
That tired old calendar
See new pin-ups or nature scenes
All better art by far

6

January, the best of months
To garden with no pain
Just sit and read seed catalogs
With sunshine or the rain

7

A lot of new politicians
Are sworn in on that day
The first day of the brand new year
To serve some, draw their pay

8

The Super Bowl gets in the act
A January game
The biggest TV rate event
The crowds are not quite sane

9

Those New Year's Day parties are great
If sober wills prevail
Or big hangovers dull the wits
The head will swim and sail

10

I can choose many better months
Maybe some ten or more
January moves us toward spring
And that's worth waiting for

FEBRUARY

1

February is a short month
For that we can be glad
It has enough of discomfort
To make a body sad

2

The winter's cold with sleet and snow
Roars in from day to day
It makes us glad to see March come
To show a better way

3

The month by name from Latin words
Februa a feast time
A Roman time to purify
To get one's life in line

4

February, the second day
Mister Groundhog to show
He may predict the weather trend
For some six weeks or so

5

If when he peeps out of his den
He sees his shadow clear
That means a lot more bad winter
And spring is not yet here

6

We can't forget some men of fame
Born in this month of year
Washington and Napoleon
Had birthdays along here

7

Lincoln, Edison, Longfellow
Dickens and Reagan too
First saw the light of some good day
February cold and blue

8

February on the fourteenth
Is Saint Valentine's Day
A time to let love have a word
Don't let love go astray

9

This month is also unique too
Most years twenty-eight days
But when that leap year comes around
Twenty-nine days in phase

10

Now if you do survive this month
February's cold snow
Get ready for that rough March wind
It is ready to blow

MARCH

1

March is a wild and woolly month
It's hard to classify
Some days are windy, wet and cold
And some are warm and dry

2

Sometimes it comes in like a lion
And goes out like a lamb
And then it comes in meek and mild
And goes out with a wham

3

The name of March comes from Latin
Mars was the god of war
If you must face a cold March wind
You won't get very far

4

March is the month for date of birth
For some people of fame
Einstein, Bach and Hal Houdini
Rudolph Diesel by names

5

The U.S. Navy and West Point
The War with Mexico
Were all military changes
Begun in March also

6

If you like to go fly a kite
March is the month for you
But bundle up with all warm clothes
Or end up cold and blue

7

The Mardi Gras and carnivals
And many days of Lent
Ash Wednesday and Fat Tuesday
Some years are March events

8

The Ides of March there to beware
Fall of the Alamo
The Boston Massacre was there
Bad March events to show

9

Saint Patrick's Day for all the world
For Irish eyes to smile
When green becomes the color choice
Honor the Emerald Isle

10

Then March has one more special deal
The Vernal Equinox
When days and nights are evened up
Or sundials and your clocks

APRIL

1

Now April has a date for all
For home and work and school
All clowns and pranksters do their stuff
Just call it April Fool

2

The April name is derived from
The Greek goddess of love
Aphrodite: born of sea foam
By mystic powers above

3

Shakespeare and Grant and Jefferson
And Randolph Hearst also
Were all born in the April month
A many years ago

4

April brings back more happy times
Bright sunshine and rain showers
The song birds come back from down south
We see early spring flowers

5

April provides perfumes of spring
Sweet honeysuckle vines
Apple and wild plum blossoms
Best in the night springtime

6

We see and smell the new plowed soil
Some planting in the ground
Some early crops begin to grow
Green leaves sprout out all 'round

7

April has had its share of hurt
The Titanic went down
President Lincoln's fatal shot
Shiloh's big battle sound

8

General Lee gave up the fight
In April of the year
In 1865 came peace
Less war danger to fear

9

Good Friday sometimes comes this month
And Easter Sunday too
They may come earlier some years
Moon phase change makes it true

10

Now if you choose to take a swim
In regular pools and creeks
You may shiver and turn dark blue
And lose your rosy cheeks

MAY

1

The merry, merry month of May
Has my kind of weather
More warm sunshine and bright blue skies
Hearts light as a feather

2

The month of May gets its nice name
Mythology of Rome
Maia the spring goddess of growth
New life is plainly shown

3

May has a few more holidays
Mother's Day, very best
Memorial Day and Law Day
Celebrate with the best

4

The National Maritime Day
And Even Peace Day too
Ascension Day in Christian lands
May is the month all through

5

Kentuckians come to new life
Derby Day in the spring
They sing "My Old Kentucky Home"
Horse racing is the thing

6

Irving Berlin and Al Jolson
Chose this month to be born
And Joan of Arc met her sad fate
In May her sainthood sworn

7

A lot of schools come to a close
A class will graduate
Commencement Day to pause and think
A time to cogitate

8

May is the time for bright colors
Blossoms and shades of green
Flowers all hues like a rainbow
A Master Painter scene

9

About the best thing about May
Winter is surely gone
The hot part of summer not yet
The best time ever known

JUNE

1

June is the month we dreamed about
Back in winter so cold
Now we can know summer is here
To bask in and to hold

2

The name of June comes from Juno
Mythology of Rome
She was the wife of Jupiter
There is their mystic home

3

Juno was goddess of marriage
Of women and childbirth
She, too, was queen of all the gods
A place of higher worth

4

June is the month of weddings still
A custom far and wide
Young girls have a lifetime dream
To be a new June bride

5

June has some more known special times
Father's Day and Flag Day
Children's Day and June bug season
To pass the time away

6

Napoleon met his Waterloo
Custer made his last stand
June was not good for those two men
They surely lost command

7

Old Jeff Davis, Thomas Hardy
And one Frank Lloyd Wright
Were all born in the month of June
Famous in their own right

8

June is the month real summer comes
Longest day of the year
One can almost hear green things grow
Just tune them to your ear

9

Many flowers now reach full bloom
They decorate the land
The colors are the brightest hues
Their perfume in demand

10

Tall green corn in the big cornfield
Dark as a thundercloud
Leaves and tassels wave in the breeze
Honey bees hum out loud

11

June is busting out all over
And that is really true
Baby birds tweet there in the nest
Pa Bird sings all day through

JULY

1

July is hot mid-summertime
Most crops are all laid by
Time to go fishing and swimming
The corn is up knee-high

2

The name of the month July
Julius Caesar the source
It, too, was the month of his birth
There in Old Rome of course

3

John Paul Jones, Samuel Colt
And Amelia Earhart
All had their birthdays in July
A good time for a start

4

A great day for Americans
Is Independence Day
The July Fourth celebrations
Are noisy, a big way

5

Dog days begin in July too
And cause a lot of pain
Waters run slow, some creeks run dry
Till rain comes back again

6

Picnics are nice in summer months
July is one best time
Watch out for bees and crawling things
Insects of any kind

7

The Battle of Old Atlanta
Was a July event
Sherman gave Georgia lots of pain
Gone With the Wind, it went

8

Now if you beat the July heat
Don't think you have it made
Old hot August is next in line
You'll need a lot more shade

AUGUST

1

The month August, summer's near gone
Long shadows reach so far
Some birds begin their trip down south
We don't feel up to par

2

Augustus Caesar is honored
August is from his name
After Julius he was the next
Roman leader of fame

3

Some men we know were born this month
Hoover and Orville Wright
Davy Crockett and Ollie Perry
Famed for warfare fight

4

The August heat will melt you down
As you work in the sun
You head for shade before noonday
Walk real slow and don't run

5

In August Hawaii became
Hawaii-Five-O State
It was in nineteen fifty-nine
You remember that date

6

In August radio began
The first licensed broadcast
It was the year nineteen twenty
No one thought it would last

7

The V-J Day of World War Two
Was an August event
Just after two atomic bombs
Many lives had been spent

8

One good thing about August month
This you are glad to hear
It burns you up and wears you out
But comes but once a year

SEPTEMBER

1

September is a better month
Relief from summer's burn
No extremes of the heat and cold
Just right for which we yearn

2

The word September means seven
From Latin language plan
It was seventh month of the year
Roman calendar land

3

September brings us Labor Day
Since eighteen ninety-four
One last rest day before we start
Long work shifts as before

4

September has Grandparent's Day
About mid-month each year
Grandchildren visit them more days
And hardly shed a tear

5

September is the harvest time
For many big field crops
The farmer works from morn to night
His work day seldom stops

6

The year, seventeen fifty-two
September of that year
The Gregorian calendar was
Adopted for use here

7

September has its Equinox
When lengths of day and night
Become the same for a brief time
Long shadows dim the light

8

Bright-colored butterflies begin
Their move to hibernate
They flit and fly away down south
At a hop-skippy rate

9

September is one of the best
Happy months to have fun
You may like to start school again
To learn and play and run

10

James F. Cooper and George Gershwin
First saw the light of day
In the good month of September
They brought joy in their way

11

World War One's General Pershing
Was born in September
Lucky or unlucky, thirteenth
Good day to remember

12

September's clear big bright blue skies
Are something to behold
We'd lie and gaze from pasture hill
In long-gone days of old

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS - 1066

1
“The King is dead, long live the King”
Old King Edward was dead
Many claimants vied for the throne
“Harold, King,” Witan said

2
Harold built up a fighting force
There to defend his crown
His army barely big enough
And poor in fact, unsound

3
Most of his troops were untrained men
With poor weapons to show
His tactics were all outmoded
Just infantry and slow

4
Duke William of French Normandy
Too, had a strong throne claim
And he had a good fighting force
Well-equipped and well-trained

5
William had big allied help too
From other noble courts
Money, war goods and big man power
Europe mainland support

6
Some years before Harold had sworn
To help William to power
Help him become the British King
Now his pledge had gone sour

7
William had one more strong support
The Pope blessed his throne claim
He denounced Harold's broken oath
Put Harold in more strain

8
The Norman fighting force contained
The best men of war
Archers, cavalry, infantry
And ships to travel far

9
The first big threat to Harold's reign
Came in the northern land
He and his army met the threat
And won a victory stand

10
Then William and his fighting force
Of five thousand good men
Struck two hundred miles to the south
To win, not break nor bend

11
Harold marched his war-weary troops
Some forty miles per day
To fight Duke William's invasion
And drive them fast away

12
The date was October fourteen
The year Ten Sixty-Six
This Battle of Hastings was fought
Brawn and strategy tricks
13
At nine AM the Normans struck
To attack Harold's line
The archers rained arrows in mass
Saxon shields stopped them fine

14
Then William set his infantry
To hit the Saxon stand
They still stood firm, gave up no ground
Defended their homeland

15
Then William sent his cavalry
To drive a fast attack
Horses were gashed and split real bad
They, too, had to fall back

16
Then William tried one more tactic
His archers shot real high
The arrows fell beyond the shields
And caused Saxons to die

17
Another tactic William used
His cavalry dropped back
The fake retreat caused Harold's men
To break line and attack

18
Then William's horsemen wheeled about
And slew the Saxon men
That left Harold with weak support
His fighting was near end

19
Near five PM as daylight dimmed
Harold was killed on site
An arrow went right through his eye
He died, out like a light

20
The sun set on the battlefield
At Hastings battleground
The sun set, too, on Saxon rule
Norman rule would abound

21
William the Conqueror had won
Was proclaimed the new king
He was crowned king on Christmas Day
Victory bells did ring

22
As warfare goes this one battle
At Hastings was not great
But was the turn of big events
Britain an empire state

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE CREEK - 1811

1
Indiana Territory
Before it was a state
Harrison was the governor
Eighteen eleven date
2
Indian wars were there in vogue
Treaty disputes the deal
Some Shawnee tribes still claimed the land
They claimed treaties a steal
3
The British leaders were involved
They gave the tribes support
They gave them lots of war supplies
They helped them build a fort
4
The Shawnee leaders were well known
Tecumseh was the great
And then his brother The Prophet
A leader filled with hate
5
The Shawnees meant to stop the move
Of Whites into the land
They even swore to stop surveys
To fight on every hand
6
The Shawnees gathered up a force
About six-hundred strong
Of fighting braves at Prophets Town
They would not wait for long
7
General Harrison marched near
With many fighting men
He had nine hundred fifty troops
To set the battle trend
8
His orders were to not attack
Negotiate a peace
But if the tribes attacked him first
Fight back, give no surcease
9
Chief Tecumseh had gone down south
To organize more plans
To bring more tribes to help his cause
To hold the treaty lands

10
Prophet, the Chief, then made his move
November, seventh day
At four o'clock AM they fiercely struck
To drive the Whites away
11
The battle there near that big creek
Tippecanoe by name
The battle raged for many hours
Yankee's victory claim
12
Of battle losses in the fight
U.S. lost forty dead
Three times that number were wounded
They fought and fell and bled
13
Indian losses were big too
But difficult to know
They took their dead and fled the scene
To Canada they'd go
14
The army moved into the place
The empty Prophet's Town
They gathered up six wagon loads
Of supplies there they found
15
And then they burned the whole place down
To ashes and to dust
Nothing was left for Shawnee use
Destruction was a must
16
This Battle of Tippecanoe
Was prelude to more war
The War of 1812 came soon
A bigger fight by far
17
Another long-range big event
Related to this fight
"Tippecanoe and Tyler Too"
Made a campaign sound right
18
Harrison won for president
The eighteen forty race
As President lived but one month
Met Master face to face

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO - 1815

1
The Battle of Old Waterloo
In a meadow was fought
In Belgium in the low countries
Many great lessons taught

2
In this old muddy meadow fight
We have some strange events
Napoleon and Wellington
Became immortal gents

3
Napoleon had seldom lost
In twenty years of war
This one last battle, Waterloo
Became best known by far

4
The battle site of Waterloo
Was not a great big land
About three square miles, total field
The forces took their stand

5
A three-day rain before the fight
Put France in handicap
Her heavy guns were hard to move
The mud was a mishap

6
This one battle, big manpower mass
To fight in this contest
One hundred sixty thousand men
To die or do their best

7
The French had seventy thousand
But Wellington had more
His allied force, ninety thousand
To fight as ne'er before

8
In big cannon the French excelled
Two hundred fifty guns
Wellington had just two hundred
And so the number runs

9
Wellington chose to take a stand
Place his troops for defense
Napoleon chose to attack
He chose when to commence

10
On June 18, 1815
At about one o'clock
The battle opened in full force
It was no battle mock

11
The tide of battle seesawed on
One side would gain then lose
Then losers would regroup and charge
To change the battle news

12
It was like gladiators
Fighting to the last breath
Each using all its vital power
For victory or death

13
The battle raged for all day long
And fighting into night
It became clear, the French had lost
They must give up the fight

14
Napoleon left his army
A shattered, broken force
He made his way back to Paris
No carriage, on his horse

15
The battle loss also foretold
Emperor's loss of power
Napoleon must abdicate
It was his sad, sad hour

16
Napoleon was soon captured
And sent into exile
He spent the rest of his short life
On St. Helena Isle

17
Boh armies lost a lot of men
In this one-day event
The French lost forty thousand men
The way the battle went

18
Wellington's losses were not small
On that one battle day
He lost about twenty thousand
A mighty price to pay

19
This one big battle, Waterloo
Changed history for all time
Napoleonic Wars no more
World of another kind
20
World maps had changed near day to day
For more than twenty years
Now some stability could come
Without daily war fears

RONETTA

1

There is a girl you ought to know
Ronetta is her name
She likes the world she sees today
She is gentle and tame

2

Ronetta as a tiny girl
Liked to ride down to town
She loved her stroller, Taylor Tot
She watched the wheels go 'round

3

Library work was her main chore
For several good work years
She made the books stand up on shelves
Few complaints and few cheers

4

Part of that job was to refill
Xerox machines as need
They used a lot of new paper
To copy stuff to read

5

Her recent job is as claims clerk
Computers help her work
Hospital office business
All day she'd never shirk

6

Ronetta likes to talk a lot
And smile a happy smile
To hear a good story or joke
She'd walk a country mile

7

Her eyes are brown and twinkle bright
Like sweet chocolate drops
Her teeth shine like deep ocean pearls
Her laughing seldom stops

8

Ronetta never eats too much
Or so her weight scale shows
She may sneak out a candy bar
If so nobody knows

9

She likes to read some poetry
Long verses or some short
She even likes to analyze
And make a good report

10

Ronetta has a husband and
A daughter there in school
Her family role is well done
Her words are modern "cool"

11

Now if she ran for president
She sure should get your vote
She'd liven up the old White House
A happy time promote

12

Now as you see this Ronetta
Is one fine classy dame
She makes the world a better place
Demands no claim to fame

RONETTER

1

There was a girl named Ronetter
You saw her you'd ne'er forget her
She had a big smile
Her charm would beguile
Almost nothing could upset her

2

Ronetter was from Tennessee
That's just where she liked to be
She often wore shoes
She didn't sing blues
She worked all the boss would let her

3

Ronetter could eat like a pig
But still run and dance up a jig
She never got tired
She must have been wired
Her energy could pull a rig

4

Ronetter could smile with the best
Her happy face got little rest
She laughed a lot too
A small grin won't do
Her temper could stand the big test

5

She is a computer real whiz
On software she'd pass a quiz
She likes to program
"Click Click" and "Wham Wham"
Her work duty is daily biz

6

If you see Ronetter you'll know
She won't be out in the snow
She'll sit by the fire
Winter to expire
In springtime she's ready to go

SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND FEELINGS

Rural and on the Farm

1. A spotted puppy
2. A baby calf
3. A baby rabbit
4. A big red-ripe apple
5. A frisky squirrel up a tree
6. The braying of a distant mule
7. The whinny of a horse
8. Two turtle doves in a tree
9. The cooing of a turtle dove
10. The aroma of new-mown hay
11. A freshly cut big cold red-ripe watermelon
12. Many birds singing at dawn on an early spring morning
13. A flood of bright sunshine after a summer shower
14. A big red rose bush in full bloom
15. The song of a mockingbird
16. A bright rainbow in a showery afternoon sky
17. The quiet murmur of a babbling brook
18. Wild dogwood blooming in the springtime
19. The “Moooo” of a big milk cow
20. The hoot of the great horned owl
21. Wild redbud trees blooming in the springtime
22. Colorful tree leaves in the cool autumn weather
23. A distant rooster crowing at dawn
24. A cackle of a laying hen
25. The song of a happy hen
26. A supper of fresh pork at the end of hog-killing day
27. The sound of a distant T-Model Ford
28. The “oooga, oooga” of a T-Model Ford’s horn
29. The aroma of honeysuckle blooming on a roadside fence
30. The quiet hum of a working honey bee
31. Drinking cold buttermilk after a hot day in the field
32. A baby goat
33. A baby lamb
34. The bleat of a goat
35. The distant howl of a dog on a cold winter night
36. The barking of a “treed” coon hound
37. The barking of beagles hot on the track of a rabbit
38. The “swish, swish” of an oar when rowing a boat
39. The squeak of the harness on a buggy horse
40. The crackle of an open fire
41. /The smell of roasting peanuts
42. The “gurgle, gurgle” of a full wash pot on wash day
43. The chomping sound of a mule eating corn
44. The moan of the wind in the trees
45. The crack of a teamster’s whip

46. The raspy chirp of a katydid in the trees
47. The crispy chirp of a cricket on the hearth
48. The “buzz, buzz, buzz” of the July fly (cicada, locust)
 49. The hum of a June bug
50. The blink of thousands of lightning bugs on a dark night
 51. The cry of a killdeer bird in a pasture
 52. The roll and boom of distant thunder
53. The rattle of an empty wagon on a rough rocky road
 54. A cow chewing her cud
 55. An October bright blue sky
 56. White fleecy clouds in a blue sky
 57. A field of golden wheat in a breeze
 58. A hillside field of waist-high young corn
59. A slight whiff of a distant skunk on the night air
 60. The sound of a fox barking
 61. The sound of a distant squirrel barking
62. The beauty and taste of big fresh red-ripe strawberries
63. The sharp clear whistle of the bob white quail
64. The sight of a strolling covey of young quail
 65. The first frost of autumn
66. The sight of a big field of snowy white cotton
 67. The cry of a jay bird
68. The sight and song of a pair of bluebirds
 69. The sight of a distant windmill
70. The first skim of ice on a pond in early winter
 71. A new litter of baby pigs nursing
 72. The shrill whistle of a groundhog
73. The “slosh, slosh” of buttermilk being churned
74. The smell of hog lard being rendered
75. The first time a mountaineer sees the ocean

76. The taste of boiled down (black pot) pole beans with fresh tomatoes
 77. The taste of hog jowl seasoned turnip greens
 78. The crunchy sound of walking on crusty snow
 79. The aroma of fresh yeast bread baking
 80. The sound of grist mill grinding corn
81. The “put-put” of an old-timey, one-cylinder gasoline engine
82. The ring and clang of a blacksmith’s hammer and anvil
83. The sound of wild geese calling in a night sky
84. The sight of a V-formation of wild geese flying south
 85. Robin red breast on the lawn
86. The “hummm” and rattle of an old treadle sewing machine
 87. The music of an old pump organ playing hymn
88. The “cluck, cluck” of an old hen with baby chicks
 89. The shrill whistle of a big hawk
 90. A big hawk gliding in the sky
 91. Big buzzards soaring high in the sky
 92. The grunt of a contented hog
 93. The squeal of a hungry pig
94. The first taste of fresh homemade ice cream
95. The smell of assafetida (asafetida) in Grandma’s medicine cabinet
96. The taste of Grandma’s homemade honey-flavored cookies
 97. The fragrance of autumn leaves burning
 98. The aroma of mellow ripe apples
99. The taste of warm sorghum molasses fresh from the big sorghum-making pan
 100. The shrill trill of a chorus of tree frogs in the evening
 101. A cherry tree loaded with red-ripe cherries
 102. The tangy flavor of fresh-made apple cider
 103. The booming bellow of a distant bullfrog
 104. An apple or peach tree in full bloom
 105. Watch a ruby-throated hummingbird feeding
 106. The low quiet chirp of a toad frog
 107. The “pot rack”, “pot rack” of a flock of guinea fowl
 108. The “quack, quack” of ducks feeding on a pond
 109. A monarch butterfly feeding on lilac blossoms
 110. He “screech-eech-eech” of a screech owl in the evening
 111. A moonbow in a light early evening shower
112. The ringing sound of the empty bucket when beginning to milk a cow
 113. A peacock in full strut
114. Looking straight up while working at the bottom of a 30-foot deep well

